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THE VARIORUM AND DEFINITIVE EDITION
OF THE POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS OF

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Anal. pp. 1, 3.

THE VARIORUM AND DEFINITIVE EDITION OF THE POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS OF

EDWARD FITZGERALD

INCLUDING A COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INTERESTING PERSONAL AND LITERARY NOTES THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

GEORGE BENTHAM

AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

EDMUND GOSSE

VOLUME ONE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	ix
AS TO THE RUBÁIYÁT	xxix
RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM	1
EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S LETTERS RELATING TO "SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL"	xxxix
SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL	87
EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S LETTERS RELATING TO "EUPHRANOR"	xliii
EUPHRANOR	135

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(NOTE. The original pagination of the works is indicated by italic numerals in parentheses in the margins, and the various title-pages are reproduced in facsimile.)

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

That fashionable vogue for the writings of FitzGerald which has been a prominent feature of taste during the last ten years, would have seemed a portentous thing to the sage poet of Woodbridge had he survived to endure it. It is quite certain—and any praise now given to him is bound at the start to face this awkward fact—it is quite certain that he would have objected to it vehemently. In all the editions and apparatus, in all the clubs and eulogies, in all the wreaths and odours and panegyrics, which now surround his name, he would have seen nothing but midsummer madness. He would have suspected bad faith, the gravity of the practical jester; the least prevision of what was coming would have made him hide, like a famous Irish hero, in the shadow of his cabbages. It is necessary, I think, to-day, when the thick and pungent cloud of incense rises from a hundred altars, to remind ourselves how excessively distasteful it would all have been to the author, how ridiculous he would have conceived that it made him, so that we may regain in the study of him a little of his own chaste moderation, not withholding praise for what is exquisitely done, but recalled to common sense and proportion by the austere and delicate ghost of him who did the work.

On the other hand, that FitzGerald should have achieved a popularity which, however masked by affecta-

tion, is genuine and wide,—that his name and writings should awaken such extraordinary curiosity,—is again paradoxical. For, at the first aspect, the new-comer might say, what go ye down into Suffolk to find? A reed of letters, shaken by the thin evening wind along the Deben. There is, at first sight, so little to be enthusiastic about, the actual out-put is so exiguous, the "Works"—in comparison with those, let us say, of Tennyson or the Brownings—so like a small wild aster tied alongside with roses and camellias. No author, who has ever lived, who did deign so far to acquiesce in publicity as to allow his productions to be printed, showed less anxiety to have them appreciated. The public, whatever it may pretend, likes an author to show a certain solicitude about his own reputation. Vauvenargues says, in his cynical way, that people in their hearts think a man of talent a fool if he is not always discreetly pushing his own interests. Well, that kind of fool FitzGerald preëminently was, and therefore it is surprising to find posterity only too assiduous in guarding his scattered treasures. An author celebrated greatly against his wish by a public which he affronted in all its dearest prejudices—that is what we meet with to-day in the surprising case of Edward FitzGerald.

But when we examine the matter more closely we come to see that—as it generally happens—the personal nature of the author has had a great share in modifying the general conception of his talent. In the instance of FitzGerald this is unusually the case, so that, indeed, any discussion of his authorship seems to me quite void of value

unless approached through a study of his character. We may begin by insisting that no one who has left sterling work behind him, not even Gray, had less of the professional writer about him than FitzGerald. He was a man of taste in easy circumstances, and until he was forty years of age he was nothing else whatever. After moving for a little while in the splendid constellation which revolved round Alfred Tennyson at Trinity College, Cambridge—where it is quite certain that FitzGerald adopted the friendships, the tastes, the intellectual proclivities, which were to satisfy him for a life-time—after this enchanted adolescence, to which undoubtedly we owe the whole of his later poetry, FitzGerald retired, in the strictest sense, to the country. His life became of a "grey-paper character"; he was given over to turnips. When other friends travelled to Spain, to Italy, to America, to India, FitzGerald was "pottering about in the midland counties of England." Here is his account of his adventures in his thirty-fifth year: "A little Bedfordshire —a little Northamptonshire—a little more folding of the hands—the same faces—the same fields—the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of road—this is all I have to tell of; nothing at all added—but the summer gone."

Thus, in what is called the prime of manhood, FitzGerald was dawdling through life, sedate, humorous and unambitious. To every appeal that reached him to come out into the arena of action, he responded with a dreamy negative. His mind seemed to have grown to be like one

of those dingles which faintly diversify the country in which he lived, a modest cup of the pasturage, with a definite horizon of hedge-rows quite close around, almost to be touched by an outstretched finger. With—it is plain—a great capacity for distress, he chose to follow Ovid's counsel, bene qui latuit, bene vixit, *and be happy if he could, giving no hostages to fortune. But a life more still, more rurally sequestered, less affected by the world outside, it is impossible to imagine; and in this featureless serenity FitzGerald built up his delicate and unique temperament.*

His solitude, too, was the architect of his intellectual character. As he dozed through life at Boulge and at Naseby, his imagination was at work after its own curious fashion. FitzGerald seems to have had little or nothing of that impetus towards expression that sets all youth rhyming at the close of its teens. When the Tennysons, Thackeray, Trench, Hallam and the rest were vocal around him, there is no evidence that FitzGerald was seduced into snatching from the bough the undergraduate lyre; among the singing-birds of Trinity, he alone was silent. When he was thirty-three, we find Bernard Barton reproved for showing some of FitzGerald's verses within a very private circle; this is almost the first we hear of the existence of such effusions; and the poet's words have a very curious interest. "As to my doing anything else in that way (of verse), I know that I could write volume after volume as well as others of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease; but I think unless a man can

do better, he had best not do at all; I have not the strong inward call, nor cruel-sweet pangs of parturition, that prove the birth of anything bigger than a mouse." Here speaks the absolute Quietist, and perhaps there is no other instance of a poet of genius who, at thirty-three, had never yet heard the "strong inward call."

There had been the irresistible call to letters, however, from the first. As he had walked over the "adhesive silicious clay" of Boulge, with the dirt accumulating on his shoes, he had been attentively listening to the Muses. All his friendships—and from the first his friendships were "like loves"—were shared with contemporaries who were significantly devoted to the intellectual life. He sat under the shadow of Spedding's mild, vast forehead, that brow of which Thackeray declared that it rose with a sober light over Mont Blanc, and was reflected in the lake of Geneva. But we note how quietly—almost ruminatingly—FitzGerald took his mental pleasures. Nowadays we read at railway speed, and, as we read, forget; but the masterpieces were slowly devoured and thoroughly digested in those long silent hours among the turnips of Naseby. FitzGerald spends a whole summer (that of 1842) reading the Green Anthology, as he saunters in the fields; "the bits of Menander and the comic poets are very acceptable, and this is really all I have looked at this summer." He buries his mind entirely in the past, reading very slowly, with deep chewings of the cud, Sophocles and Tacitus and Horace and Shakespeare. The time was thrilled and shaken by the early trumpet-blasts of Car-

lyle, but FitzGerald, designing to approach him, comes down to Swift and Sterne, and can go no further.

On this long apprenticeship to the noblest literature, and on this strange emancipation from all the fever and the fret of modern thought, there gradually followed a marvellous delicacy of judgment. It is not to be said that at any period of his life the criticism of FitzGerald was broadly just, or that he was not liable to the most disconcerting errors. But on a subject which was kindred to him and upon which he had enjoyed leisure without prejudice, his dicta *are always exquisite. They have the ripeness of long unruffled meditation. He pretended (at the close of his first period, in 1850) "to no Genius, but to Taste: which, according to my aphorism, is the feminine of Genius." It is easy to reconstruct his methods of study; he liked to take his book out into the pastures, or to sit with it by the fire in winter, and slowly, almost vacantly, let it drain into his memory, as it were, drop by drop; he was not a determined or consecutive reader, but to the observer seemed often in a dreamy or even muddled state, and, page unturned, following in his own mind not the writer any longer, but cross-thoughts along irregular pathways of suggested reverie. So to the age of nearly forty FitzGerald lived, in a small house just outside some pleasant English town, making himself useful in a humble way, reading his books, and playing a rubber of whist at night, no one among the British millions less likely to fill the trump of future fame.*

It is very difficult to trace what it was which woke Fitz-

Gerald out of his enchanted slumber, and set him softly singing. But by degrees we find him stirring in his sleep, moving a limb, opening an eye. In 1846 Carlyle and Professor Cowell begin to be elements in the personal life of FitzGerald, and to each of these he responds, with his natural deliberation, more and more advisedly. He actually begins to try his hand at a Platonic dialogue, and five years later he has contrived to finish his earliest production, the "Euphranor" of 1851, which was to remain the most considerable of his prose works. The most considerable—yet this, in its enlarged and final form, amounts only to what would occupy one of our hasty modern scribes a fortnight at the utmost. It occupied FitzGerald five years, and was brought out at length—the maiden work of an author of forty-two—anonymously, and with every contrivance of secrecy. He had "a horror" that people would find out who had written "Euphranor," and if this delicate piece of moral casuistry had been a political or social firebrand he could not have been more nervous. It was to be a Secret, and a secret it was kept, as though the work of a Junius or a Drapier, but with the result that, outside a little though highly-distinguished inner circle, it passed quite unobserved.

FitzGerald, however, was now wound up to the exercise of writing, and it is the first plunge into printer's ink that counts. Accordingly, in 1852, follows "Polonius," also anonymous, a collection of wise saws and modern instances, the value of which now rests in its elegant and familiar preface. And again, in 1853, comes the earliest

of the famous translations, the "Six Dramas of Calderon," with FitzGerald's name, for the only time in his life, blazoned upon the title-page. The hermit had now grown venturesome indeed; here was at last a direct appeal to the publicity which he so earnestly deprecated. One cannot help smiling at the result. Here was a tortoise that, at length, after forty-four years of seclusion, had been persuaded to peep for the first time beyond its shell. What a ludicrous chance that a boy should be lying in wait to give the head of the timid obtruder a crack with a stick! Yet that is exactly what happened. Hardly had the charming Calderon plays appeared than some criticaster (name, I believe, still in congenial oblivion) must needs attack them in the Athenæum, *"holding it quite unnecessary to treat the volume as a serious work." FitzGerald, it is obvious, was excessively hurt, and not the praise of Trench, nor the encouragement of Cowell, nor the love of Thackeray, nor the great disdainful smile of Tennyson could arm the wounded troglodyte with resolution enough to appear again, for the rest of his life, under the dangerous standard of his own name.*

But though there was a check in his publication, his coral-building in literature went on unslackened. His eminent literary friends were looking him up more assiduously. Carlyle came and stayed at Farlingay Hall; the warm effusion of Thackeray beamed like firelight on "old Fitz," "the best and oldest friend I ever had." In 1852 he began to read the Spanish poets with Cowell, and a year or two later Persian with the same admirable com-

panion, whose sympathy was the oestrus *which drove Fitz-Gerald along this latter peculiarly favourable course of study. In 1854 the friends began to read Jámí, whose "Salámán and Absál" FitzGerald presently started translating, in the version ultimately published in 1856. This beautiful and highly characteristic poem attracted, it would seem, no attention whatever, except from a few scholars. FitzGerald, however, persisted, and in 1857 he is busy turning apologues from the Mantic of Attar into English verse. Still exquisitely sensitive to blame, and with the full horror of publicity still upon him, he forbade Garcin de Tassy in that year to mention certain help he had given this eminent French orientalist in the matter of texts. The upshot of five years of authorship (1851-1856) had been absolute want of success from every apparent point of view.*

He was yet to produce the work upon which the structure of his fame is securely based, but I think that already the faint flush of something hardly to be called literary ambition had faded from him. If the little publications of 1851-57 had been welcomed by a certain section of the reading world, I suppose that the remainder of Fitz-Gerald's career would have been other than it was. He would always have been a rural hermit, he would always have detested London, and thought a visit there horrible, except for "a shilling concert and a peep at the pictures," but he would probably have given himself more continuously and frankly to the producing of printed matter, he would (as we have seen him ready to do for a moment in

1853) have modified his extreme reluctance to let his name appear in public, and he might in time have come to make liberal use of his accumulated taste and learning. That circumstances so curiously combined to prevent this and to throw him back upon himself and solitude, is no real matter for regret. It made what he did distil more exquisite, more individual, more quintessential, and it preserved him from becoming ever so faintly disloyal to his own peculiar temperament.

The famous "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," then, FitzGerald's uncontested masterpiece, belongs—if I am correct in my diagnosis—to the moment of that return from a timid literary ambition to a comfortable certainty that the world would never know, and never care to know, the very name of the author of any of his trifles. The history of this almost too-celebrated pamphlet has been written so often that it is not needful to recount here its adventures on the road to the Temple of Fame. But one or two points with regard to its inception claim an attention which they do not seem to have had. In 1857, under the stimulus of Professor Cowell's correspondence, FitzGerald turned over fresh Persian poets, and after lingering a little while with Attár, settled upon the then entirely unknown Omar Khayyám as a writer with whom he was singularly in sympathy. He found that Garcin de Tassy was also engaged with Omar, and FitzGerald settled down to translate the Persian into Latin. One example seems to be preserved of the mode in which the work was originally to be undertaken. It has a curiosity parallel

to that of the line with which Dante essayed to begin the Divina Comedia *in Latin:—*

> *"Tempus est quo Orientis Aurâ mundus renovatur,*
> *Quo de fonte pluviali dulcis Imber reseratur;*
> *Musi-manus undecumque ramos insuper splendescit;*
> *Jesu-spiritusque Salutaris terram pervagatur."* [1]

We are familiar with this as:

> *"Now the New Year reviving old Desires,*
> *The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,*
> *Where the* White Hand of Moses *on the Bough*
> *Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires."*

I have not been able to discover whether more of Fitz-Gerald's Latin version has been preserved; it would be very interesting to possess it, for it seems to have been not a translation of his own English quatrains, but a first rendering of the Persian, and if so would give the original impression which Omar Khayyám produced upon the English poet's mind. It is to be observed, in the specimen that is here given, for instance, that "Quo de fonte pluviali dulcis Imber reseratur" represents something, presumably in the Persian original, of which there is no trace in the English quatrain.

[1] It may be amusing to compare this with the form the stanza takes in Mr. Herbert W. Greene's admirable Oxford version:—

> "Jamque novo veteres anno referenta calores
> Vir bonus et sapiens ad loca sola fugit,
> Candida qua ramo Mosi manus exit, Jesu
> Surgit ubi verna spiritus almus humo."

The culminating year of FitzGerald's activity as a poet-translator was 1857. After long hesitations and half-determinations, he positively set his hand to the "Agamemnon" in May. "I think I shall become a bore," he said, "by all this Translation; but it amuses me without any labour, and I really think I have the faculty of making some things readable which others have hitherto left unreadable." So far as the "Agamemnon" was concerned, this sentence was calculated to wring the withers of Robert Browning, whose ideas of translation were diametrically opposed to FitzGerald's, and who was to produce (in 1877) a version of the "Agamemnon," which made unreadable what others had hitherto left readable. The want of sympathy between Browning and FitzGerald was extreme; neither would admit the least merit in the other, and near the close of his life, at the table of friends in Venice, Browning was scathingly facetious at the expense of FitzGerald's "vague" and "slipshod" manner of rendering Æschylus. We must return presently to some brief consideration of FitzGerald's theory of paraphrase. For the moment it is only needful to note that he seems to have applied the same theory to the Persian as to the Greek and the Spanish; and that in the second half of this year 1857 he "put away almost all Books except Omar Khayyám." He carried the latter about with him, from place to place, during an unusually restless summer and autumn; and finally he gathered up his versions and arranged them, and wrote out the translation, as we now possess it in the first edition of 1859, at

a house in Marine Terrace, Lowestoft, either No. 10 or No. 14, I know not which.[1]

The history of the incomparable "Rubáiyát" is, from this point onwards, an ancient tale. It has been written and rewritten, until one feels a certain sense of fatuity in mentioning it. All that concerns us here is that FitzGerald's ambition, so far as he could be said to possess any, received its final blow in the total unsuccess of the now so-precious pamphlet which Quaritch issued stillborn on the 15th of February, 1859. But it seems to me that there was not the faintest ambition left in the soul of the poet long before that time. In finishing the "Rubáiyát" he closed his little spell of activity, and although he went back immediately to Calderon, it was with no dream of publicity. For the next seven or eight years he relapsed once more into his utter quietism. Even his correspondence seems to have flagged, his eyesight threatened to fail him; he spent his days "in Boat or Vessel as in a moving Chair, dispensing a little Grog and Shag to those who do the work."

These were very quiet years (1858-1865). He read and re-read his Greek poets, in all the easy familiarity of complete comprehension. The new passion for the sea, and for spending his days on the water, brought back the appetite for the Greeks. Sophocles almost shakes his allegiance to Æschylus; he gives up reading Euripides be-

[1] Enthusiasts in such matters might find out which of these lodging-houses was the birthplace of the "Rubáiyát" and affix a memorial tablet to that effect.

cause the print is too small for his eyesight; and he is too lazy to send to London for a larger edition, so reads Sophocles over again instead. The Sophoclean self-control, and silent dignity, and aloofness from the hurrying petty cares of life, grew more and more to be the characteristics of FitzGerald himself; and even his casual phrases about men and books recall to us constantly "the kind of diction which is most expressive of character, and best," which Plutarch notes as the definition of the style of Sophocles where it is most ripe. FitzGerald's love was mainly for the Greeks—for the Greeks and the Persians —but sometimes we find him amusing the satirical soul of him by reading Juvenal as he floats in his herring-lugger. All through these noiseless years, the vain strife with men put utterly behind him, we observe FitzGerald consistent in his unassuming attitude to life, perfectly sincere in his abnegation, candidly unconscious of his own progress and condition.

There followed in 1864, consequent upon the return of Professor Cowell from India, a brief revival of literary activity. This was marked by the issue of the two Calderon plays and the "Agamemnon" and by a reprint of the "Rubáiyát." These appeared in 1865, and in 1866 he took Sophocles out to sea with him, and began to translate the two "Œdipuses" — the "Colonœus" making him "blubber a little" as he read it to his friend Duncan, the Dorchester parson. In 1867 the authorities asked for copies of his pamphlets and booklets for the library of his own college, Trinity, Cambridge,—"my small escapades

in print," he called them. He was very much fluttered by such a request, and deprecated the honour; but, "as it would be making too much fuss" to discuss the matter, he promises Thompson that he will send them "one of these days all done up together." This is the latest trace we get, till near the end of the poet's life, of anything like recognition coming his way. Then the second gleam—the first was, as we have seen, in 1853—goes out and leaves the delicious hermit of the Muses to his congenial solitude—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

After 1865 there is much less about literature than before in his correspondence. The Sophoclean instinct for "that kind of diction which is most expressive of character" led him to the study of Crabbe, who was also sympathetic to him as a Suffolk man, and kindred to the Dunwich and Woodbridge fishermen whom FitzGerald loved. His passion for "Don Quixote," and the rich humour of Cervantes, deepened with years. But he did not increase the circle of his curiosity. An attempt to push on from Calderon to Lope de Vega and Tirso de Molina was a failure, he "could take but little interest in them," he found. His eyes steadily declined, and though he trained a clumsy boy to read to him, this was literature with all its rarer parts excluded. When his sight permitted, he read a little French, a few English novels, but his taste was now stationary, or positively retrograde; he could see nothing in Victor Hugo, nor in George Eliot, nor in Emerson. He fell back on older favourites, on Tacitus, on Walter Scott, on the unfailing joy in Sopho-

cles. One feels just a little sadness in the impenetrability of our delightful quietist in his last years; the limitations of his qualities are faintly distressing to us, because they seem to have been a little painful to him. The volume of almost faultless "Letters to Fanny Kemble" closes in a strain of more than autumnal melancholy. But all is peace, even in its sadness; and then follows the perfect death, without pain, without alarm, in peaceful sleep, on the 14th of June, 1883. "None of us get beyond seventy-five" FitzGerald had said, and he had spent less than three months of his seventy-fifth year.

Some such observation of the temperament and conduct of the author as we have here attempted seems needful if we are to put the just value on his writings without exaggeration or extravagance. To saunter through seventy years without effort or excitement is not the way to produce the great fiery trophies of poetic literature. For the suppression of movement and quenching of passion, the withdrawal from battle, something must be lost in intensity. It would be absurd to expect a "Paradise Lost" or even a "Ring and the Book" from one who dozed through life among the Northamptonshire turnips. It is obvious, then, that we resign at once all the great adjectives and the heroic verbs in dealing with the so slender and so fragile product of FitzGerald, and content ourselves with no claim for it more noisy than in his resolute moments he would have been willing to claim for it himself. In saying this, we must except—as a kind of miracle not to be measured by common analogies—the "Ru-

báiyát," where FitzGerald certainly attains a positive force of beauty, a complete originality or individuality of manner, a charm so flawless and a music so seductive that criticism can scarcely analyse or account for them, but has simply to resign itself to the perfect enjoyment of thrilling, tender and persuasive melody without attempting to discover where the poet found it or how he created it.

The minor writings, it must be recollected, were practically unknown until in 1889 Mr. W. Aldis Wright, the literary executor of FitzGerald, collected the greater part of them. They consist of a few original pieces, mainly in prose, and of a considerable number of translations in verse. It is not reasonable, I think, in the present somewhat fevered disposition of the English public, to use the language of exaggeration in appreciating these writings. The danger now is rather that reviewers will employ towards them language the result of which can only be to make the little books themselves seem pale and disappointing. An effort has been made by some enthusiasts to shed over all the translations the same lustre that is shed over the "Rubáiyát." This cannot be done, and should not be attempted. Such ardour is kind, is sympathetic, but is not critical. There is enough in the work of FitzGerald to delight us without any heightening of the lights and shadows.

What FitzGerald could do in prose we know from his correspondence and from "Euphranor." It has stately passages, and the final page no doubt deserves the high commendation of Tennyson; it possessed to the Cam-

bridge men the charm of recalling with delicate local colour the dialectics of their youth, but when all is said and done it remains a little lifeless and unrealized, a little uninteresting, to tell the blunt truth. In its form and setting, it seems to follow the "Alciphron" of Berkeley, but at how great a distance! To turn from "Euphranor" to the "Letters" is to prepare to assert FitzGerald's real claim as a prose writer. In these unaffected documents he lays bare his innocent and beautiful temperament. His command over the quieter forms of language, over all the homely stops of the instrument, is here so complete that without the least strain or effort, without raising his voice, all is said as he alone would say it, with an incomparable rustic felicity. What phrases he has, in his unaffected and confidential utterances to his friends! "I remember you did not desire to hear about my garden, which is now gorgeous with large red poppies, and lilac irises—satisfactory colouring; and the trees murmur a continual soft chorus to the solo which my soul discourses within." In casual passages, like this, in the "Letters" we have the whole FitzGerald nature suddenly revealed to us as though his body robed itself, as he wrote, with a mild irradiating lustre.

Of the translations, there is this to be said: they must never be read without regard to the poet's peculiar and perhaps unique conception of the translator's duty, but which no one less inspired with tact and delicacy should ever dare to imitate. When he undertook to "translate" a Persian poem, for instance, he made a more or less free

paraphrase of such parts as he thought charming, and then he ingeniously tesselated the fragments into whatever he desired to produce, perhaps "a sort of Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian Garden." He did not believe—and he was certainly right—that an exact translation of any poem can continue to be a poem in the new language. He thought that all the fragrance faded from it in the transit, as from a violet sent by post. So he was ready with great courage to omit from Calderon, for instance, all that was surprising or shocking, anything which, by its want of intelligibility, might "check the current of sympathy" in English readers. To carry out his theory, he stuck at nothing; he would reduce, alter and expand, omit whole scenes and supply such omissions by passages of his own.

The result of all this was that to people mainly interested in a precise study of the original text, or even to people uninterested in FitzGerald himself, his translations have always been unsatisfactory, and even annoying. We see an instance of this in the absurd multiplication of versions of Omar Khayyám, produced by worthy persons who are mystified by the overwhelming popularity of the "Rubáiyát" and cannot get it into their heads that it is not in the least Omar Khayyám, but FitzGerald, in whom lovers of poetry are interested. These excellent translators cry aloud to the public, "We bring you much closer and more trustworthy renderings of your favourite Omar, and yet you obstinately return to the vague, inexact and garbled quatrains of FitzGerald."

Precisely, and so the world of taste will always continue to return, because for Omar Khayyám the historical and the veraciously-interpreted, none of us care sixpence; it is FitzGerald who clothed these dry old bones with poetry. And what is true of Omar Khayyám is in some modified measure true of all the works on which FitzGerald laid his curious hand in paraphrase. The versions he offers us must never be compared with the original, or treated as translations at all. They should be judged on their own merits as poems, always—of course—bearing in mind the highly-important restriction that it is only the diction in them which is FitzGerald's. And this brings us, perhaps, to our final point, that it is in his faultless delicacy of diction, his Sophoclean appropriateness of phrase, that FitzGerald lives preëminently among the poets. No writer has defended more strenuously in his phraseology the axiom that Beauty is the main object of the arts.

Edmund Gosse.

AS TO THE "RUBÁIYÁT."

The history of the inception and publication of FitzGerald's immortal poem is given in the following extracts from his letters.

From Edward FitzGerald to E. B. Cowell.

Monday, July 13, 1857.

. . . By tomorrow I shall have finisht my first Physiognomy of Omar, whom I decidedly prefer to any Persian I have yet seen unless perhaps Salámán. . . .

Tuesday, July 14.

Have I previously asked you to observe 486,[1] *of which I send a poor Sir W. Jones' sort of Parody which came into my mind walking in the Garden here; where the Rose is blowing as in Persia? And with this poor little Envoy my Letter shall end. I will not stop to make the Verse better.*

I long for wine! oh Sáki of my Soul,
Prepare thy Song and fill the morning Bowl;
For this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Takes many a Sultan with it as it goes.

[1] Quatrain No. 486 of the Calcutta Persian MS.

AS TO THE "RUBÁIYÁT."

To E. B. Cowell.

December 8, 1857.

. . . *Well: don't be surprised (*vext, *you won't be) if* I *solicit Fraser for room for a few Quatrains in English Verse, however—with only such an Introduction as you and Sprenger give me—very short—so as to leave you to say all that is Scholarly if you will. I hope this is not very Cavalier of me. But in truth I take old Omar rather more as my property than yours: he and I are more akin, are we not? You see all* [*his*] *Beauty, but you don't feel* with *him in some respects as I do. I think you would almost feel obliged to leave out the part of Hamlet in representing him to your Audience: for fear of Mischief. Now I do not wish to show Hamlet at his maddest: but mad he must be shown, or he is no Hamlet at all. G. de Tassy eluded all that was dangerous, and all that was characteristic. I think these* free *opinions are less dangerous in an old Mahometan, or an old Roman (like Lucretius) than when they are returned to by those who have lived on happier Food. I don't know what you will say to all this. However I dare say it won't matter whether I do the Paper or not, for I don't believe they'll put it in.* . . .

To E. B. Cowell.

September 3, 1858.

. . . *As to my Omar: I gave it to Parker in January, I think: he saying Fraser was agreeable to take it.*

Since then I have heard no more; so as, I suppose, they don't care about it: and may be quite right. Had I thought they would be so long however I would have copied it out and sent it to you: and I will still do so from a rough and imperfect Copy I have (though not now at hand) in case they show no signs of printing me. My Translation will interest you from its Form, *and also in many respects in its* Detail: *very unliteral as it is. Many Quatrains are mashed together: and something lost, I doubt, of Omar's Simplicity, which is so much a Virtue in him. But there it is, such as it is. . . .*

To E. B. Cowell.

November 2, 1858.

. . . As to Omar, I hear and see nothing of it in Fraser yet: and so I suppose they don't want it. I told Parker he might find it rather dangerous among his Divines: he took it however, and keeps it. I really think I shall take it back; add some Stanzas which I kept out for fear of being too strong; print fifty copies and give away; one to you, who won't like it neither. Yet it is most ingeniously tesselated into a sort of Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian Garden.

To E. B. Cowell.

January 13, 1859.

. . . I took my Omar from Fraser [?Parker], as I saw he didn't care for it; and also I want to enlarge

it to near as much again, of such Matter as he would not dare to put in Fraser. If I print it, I shall do the impudence of quoting your Account of Omar, and your Apology for his Freethinking: it is not wholly my Apology, but you introduced him to me, and your excuse extends to that which you have not ventured to quote, and I do. I like your Apology extremely also, allowing its Point of View. I doubt you will repent of ever having showed me the Book. I should like well to have the Lithograph Copy of Omar which you tell of in your Note. My Translation has its merit: but it misses a main one in Omar, which I will leave you to find out. . . .

To E. B. Cowell.

April 27, 1859.

. . . I sent you poor old Omar who has his *kind of Consolation for all these Things. I doubt you will regret you ever introduced him to me. And yet you would have me print the original, with many worse things than I have translated. The Bird Epic might be finished at once: but 'cui bono?' No one cares for such things: and there are doubtless so many better things to care about. I hardly know why I print any of these things, which nobody buys; and I scarce now see the few I give them to. But when one has done one's best, and is sure that that best is better than so many will take pains to do, though far from the best that* might be done, *one likes to make an end of the matter by Print. I suppose very few People have ever taken such Pains in*

Translation as I have: though certainly not to be literal. But at all Cost, a Thing must live: *with a transfusion of one's own worse Life if one can't retain the Original's better. Better a live Sparrow than a stuffed Eagle. . . .*

To W. H. Thompson.

December 9, 1861.

. . . As to my own Peccadilloes in Verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of Rubáiyát. *I had translated them partly for Cowell: young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using: and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a Copy, was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious Man: nor have I given any other copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other Day, to whom I was showing a Passage in another Book which brought my old Omar up. . . .*

Mr. Quaritch, whose business in 1859 was modestly located in Castle Street, Leicester Square,—a rather unfrequented by-street—was unable to find purchasers for the little anonymous brown-paper-covered pamphlet at five shillings: even at sixpence people would not buy it then: so in the penny box outside the door Mr. Whitley Stokes found it: and he seems to have been the first person

of note—outside the author's circle of friends—to duly appreciate it. He gave a copy to Dante Rossetti on 10th July 1861, and this was the beginning of the Omar cult in England. Mr. Swinburne, writing to the Secretary of the Omar Khayyám Club, in 1897, says—"As to the immortal tent-maker himself, I believe I may claim to be one of his earliest English believers. It is upwards of thirty-six years since I was introduced to him by D. G. Rossetti, who had just been introduced himself—I believe by Mr. Whitley Stokes. At that time the first and best edition of FitzGerald's wonderful version was being sold off at a penny a copy . . . We invested (I should think) in hardly less than sixpennyworth apiece; and on returning to the stall next day for more, found that we had sent up the market to the sinfully extravagant sum of two-pence,—an imposition which evoked from Rossetti a fervent and impressive remonstrance. . . . As to the greatness of the poem I can say no more than I have tried to say in print. I know none to be compared with it for power, pathos, and beauty in the same line of thought and work, except possibly 'Ecclesiastes'; and, magnificent as that is, I can hardly think the author comparable to Omar either as philosopher or as poet. . . ."

In his "Studies in Prose and Poetry" [1] *Mr. Swinburne had written of FitzGerald as "the man whose shy audacity of diffident and daring genius has given Omar Khayyám a place forever among the greatest of Eng-*

[1] Sub voce. "Social Verse," p. 105. London, 1894.

ish poets. That the very best of his exquisite poetry, the strongest and serenest wisdom, the sanest and most serious irony, the most piercing and the profoundest radiance of his gentle and sublime philosophy, belong as much or more to Suffolk than to Shiraz, has been, if I mistake not, an open secret for many years—'and,' as Dogberry says, 'it will go near to be thought so shortly.' Every quatrain, though it is something so much more than graceful or distinguished or elegant, is also, one may say, the sublimation of elegance, the apotheosis of distinction, the transfiguration of grace: perfection of style can go no further and rise no higher, as thought can pierce no deeper and truth can speak no plainer than in the crowning stanza. . . ."

As to the question of Suffolk or Shiraz, Mr. Michael Kerney says—"It is usually supposed that there is more of FitzGerald than of Khayyám in the English Rubá'iyyát, *and that the old Persian simply afforded themes for the Anglo-Irishman's display of poetic power; but nothing could be further from the truth. The French translator, J. B. Nicolas, and the English one, Mr. Whinfield, supply a closer mechanical reflection of the sense in each separate stanza; but Mr. FitzGerald has, in some instances, given a version equally close and exact; in others, rejointed scattered phrases from more than one stanza of his original, and thus accomplished a feat of marvellous poetical transfusion. He frequently turns literally into English the strange outlandish imagery which Mr. Whinfield thought necessary to replace by more intelli-*

gible banalities, and in this way the magic of his genius has successfully transplanted into the garden of English poesy exotics that bloom like native flowers." [1]

And Mr. Heron Allen in his admirable pamphlet [2] *has traced certain thoughts, for which no originals could be found in Omar Khayyám, to Hafiz, Saádi, Jámí and Attár.*

In a review of the edition of 1868,—in the North American Review for October, 1869,—Professor Charles Eliot Norton said: "He is to be called 'translator' only in default of a better word, one which should express the poetic transfusion of a poetic spirit from one language to another, and the re-presentation of the ideas and images of the original in a form not altogether diverse from their own, but perfectly adapted to the new conditions of time, place, custom, and habit of mind in which they reappear. In the whole range of our literature there is hardly to be found a more admirable example of the most skilful poetic rendering of remote foreign poetry than this work of an anonymous author affords. It has all the merit of a remarkable original production, and its excellence is the highest testimony that could be given to the essential impressiveness and worth of the Persian poet. It is the work of a poet, inspired by the work of a poet; not a copy, but a reproduction, not a translation, but the redelivery of a poetic inspiration. . . . In its

[1] Works of Edward Fitzgerald, vol. i, p. xi. London and New York, 1887.

[2] Some Side-lights upon Edward Fitzgerald's Poem. London, 1898.

English dress it reads like the latest and freshest expression of the perplexity and of the doubt of the generation to which we ourselves belong. There is probably nothing in the mass of English translations or reproductions of the poetry of the East to be compared with this little volume in point of value as English *poetry. In the strength of rhythmical structure, in force of expression, in musical modulation, and in mastery of language, the external character of the verse corresponds with the still rarer interior qualities of imagination and of spiritual discernment which it displays."*

RUBÁIYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM

RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM,

THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

Translated into English Verse.

LONDON:
BERNARD QUARITCH,
CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.
1859.

OMAR KHAYYÁM,

THE

ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

OMAR KHAYYÁM was born at Naisháṕur in Khorassán in the latter half of our Eleventh, and died within the First Quarter of our Twelfth, Century. The slender Story of his Life is curiously twined about that of two others very considerable Figures in their Time and Country: one of them, Hasan al Sabbáh, whose very Name has lengthen'd down to us as a terrible Synonym for Murder: and the other (who also tells the Story of all Three) Nizám al Mulk, Vizyr to Alp the Lion and Malik Shah, Son and Grandson of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from the feeble Successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám al Mulk, in his *Wasýat*—or *Testament*—which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future Statesmen—relates the following, as quoted in the Calcutta Review, No. 59, from Mirkhond's History of the Assassins.

| " 'One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassán (iv)
'was the Imám Mowaffak of Naisháṕur, a man highly
'honoured and reverenced,—may God rejoice his soul; his
'illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the uni-
'versal belief that every boy who read the Korán or stud-
'ied the traditions in his presence, would assuredly attain

'to honour and happiness. For this cause did my father 'send me from Tús to Naishápúr with Abd-u-samad, the 'doctor of law, that I might employ myself in study and 'learning under the guidance of that illustrious teacher. 'Towards me he ever turned an eye of favour and kind-'ness, and as his pupil I felt for him extreme affection 'and devotion, so that I passed four years in his service. 'When I first came there, I found two other pupils of 'mine own age newly arrived, Hakim Omar Khayyám, 'and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed with 'sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers; and we 'three formed a close friendship together. When the 'Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join me, and 'we repeated to each other the lessons we had heard. Now 'Omar was a native of Naishápúr, while Hasan Ben Sab-'báh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life and prac-'tice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day 'Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal be-'lief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain 'to fortune. Now, even if we *all* do not attain thereto, 'without doubt one of us will; what then shall be our 'mutual pledge and bond?' We answered 'Be it what 'you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow, that to 'whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally
(v) 'with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for him-| 'self.' 'Be it so,' we both replied, and on these terms we 'mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I 'went from Khorassán to Transoxiana, and wandered to 'Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned, I was invested

'with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs dur-'ing the Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán.' "

"He goes on to state, that years passed by, and both his old school-friends found him out, and came and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the school-day vow. The Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier's request; but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and, failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. After many mishaps and wanderings, Hasan became the head of the Persian sect of the *Ismailians*,—a party of fanatics who had long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A. D. 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract, south of the Caspian sea; and it was from this mountain home he obtained that evil celebrity among the Crusaders as the OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, and spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and it is yet disputed whether the word *Assassin*, which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the *hashish*, or opiate of hemp-leaves (the Indian *bhang*,) with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental desperation, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen | in his quiet collegiate days, at Naishá- (vi)
púr. One of the countless victims of the Assassin's dag-

ger was Nizám-ul-Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend."

"Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim his share; but not to ask for title or office. 'The greatest 'boon you can confer on me,' he said, 'is to let me live in 'a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread 'wide the advantages of Science, and pray for your 'long life and prosperity.' The Vizier tells us, that, when he found Omar was really sincere in his refusal, he pressed him no further, but granted him a yearly pension of 1,200 *mithkáls* of gold, from the treasury of Naishápúr."

"At Naishápúr thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, 'busied,' adds the Vizier, 'in winning knowledge of every 'kind, and especially in Astronomy, wherein he attained 'to a very high pre-eminence. Under the Sultanate of 'Malik Shah, he came to Merv, and obtained great praise 'for his proficiency in science, and the Sultan showered 'favours upon him.'"

"When Malik Shah determined to reform the calendar, Omar was one of the eight learned men employed to do it; the result was the *Jaláli* era, (so called from *Jalal-ul-din*, one of the king's names,)—'a computation of time,' says Gibbon, 'which surpasses the Julian, and approaches 'the accuracy of the Gregorian style.' He is also the author of some astronomical tables, entitled Zíji-Malik-sháhí," and the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic Treatise of his on Algebra.

These severer Studies, and his Verses, which, though

happily fewer than any Persian Poet's, and, though perhaps | fugitively composed, the Result of no fugitive (vii) Emotion or Thought, are probably the Work and Event of his Life, leaving little else to record. Perhaps he liked a little Farming too, so often as he speaks of the "Edge of the Tilth" on which he loved to rest with his Diwán of Verse, his Loaf—and his Wine.

"His Takhallus or poetical name (Khayyám) signifies a Tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before Nizám-ul-Mulk's generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian poets similarly derive their names from their occupations; thus we have Attár, "a druggist," Assar, "an oil presser," &c. (Though all these, like our Smiths, Archers, Millers, Fletchers, &c. may simply retain the Sirname of an hereditary calling.) "Omar himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines:—

'Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!'

"We have only one more anecdote to give of his Life, and that relates to the close; related in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems; it has been printed in the Persian in the appendix to Hyde's *Veterum Persarum Religio*, p. 499; and D'Herbelot alludes to it in his Bibliothéque, under *Khiam*:—*

* *Though* he *attributes the story to a Khiam, "Philosophe Musulman qui a vêcu en Odeur de Sainteté dans la Fin du premier et le Com-*

'It is written in the chronicles of the ancients that this 'King of the Wise, Omar Khayyám, died at Naishápúr in 'the year of the Hegira, 517 (A. D. 1123); in science he 'was unrivalled,—the very paragon of his age. Khwájah 'Nizámi of Samarcand, who was one of his pupils, relates 'the following story: 'I often used to hold conversations 'with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden; and one 'day he said to me, 'my tomb shall be in a spot, where 'the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered 'at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle 'words. Years after, when I chanced to visit Naishápúr, 'I went to his final resting place, and lo! it was just out-'side a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their 'boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers 'upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them.' "

Thus far—without fear of Trespass—from the Calcutta Review.

Though the Sultan "shower'd Favours upon him," Omar's Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country. He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose Practice he ridiculed, and whose Faith amounts to little more than his own when stript of the Mysticism and formal Compliment to Islamism which Omar would not hide under. Their Poets, in-

mencement du second Siècle," no part of which, except the "Philosophe," can apply to our *Khayyám, who, however, may claim the*
(viii) *Story as* his, *on the* | *Score of Rubáiyát, 77 and 78 of the present Version. The Rashness of the Words, according to D'Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Korán: "No Man knows where he shall die."*

ading Háfiz, who are (with | the exception of Firdúsi) (ix) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical Use more convenient to Themselves and the People they address'd; a People quite as quick of Doubt as of Belief; quite as keen of the Bodily Senses as of the Intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy Element compounded of all, in which they could float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that could be recited indifferently whether at the Mosque or the Tavern. Omar was too honest of Heart as well as of Head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as they were, than to perplex it with vain mortifications after what they *might be*. It has been seen that his Worldly Desires, however, were not exorbitant; and he very likely takes a humourous pleasure in exaggerating them above that Intellect in whose exercise he must have found great pleasure, though not in a Theological direction. However this may be, his Worldly Pleasures are what they profess to be without any Pretence at divine Allegory: his Wine is the veritable Juice of the Grape: his Tavern, where it was to be had: his Sáki, the Flesh and Blood that poured it out for him: all which, and where the Roses were in Bloom, was all he profess'd to want of this World or to expect of Paradise.

The Mathematic Faculty, too, which regulated his Fansy, and condensed his Verse to a Quality and Quantity unknown in Persian, perhaps in Oriental, Poetry,
(x) help'd | by its very virtue perhaps to render him less popular with his countrymen. If the Greeks were Children in Gossip, what does Persian Literature imply but a *Second Childishness* of Garrulity? And certainly if no *ungeometric* Greek was to enter Plato's School of Philosophy, no so unchastised a Persian should enter on the Race of Persian Verse, with its "fatal Facility" of running on long after Thought is winded! But Omar was not only the single Mathematician of his Country's Poets; he was also of that older Time and stouter Temper, before the native Soul of Persia was quite broke by a foreign Creed as well as foreign Conquest. Like his great Predecessor Firdúsi, who was as little of a *Mystic;* who scorned to use even a *Word* of the very language in which the New Faith came clothed; and who was suspected, not of Omar's Irreligion indeed, but of secretly clinging to the ancient Fire-Religion of Zerdusht, of which so many of the Kings he sang were Worshippers.

For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his own Country, and therefore has been but charily transmitted abroad. The MSS. of his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reacht Westward at all, in spite of all that Arms and Science have brought us. There is none at the India House, none at the Bibliothêque Imperiále of Paris.

We know but of one in England; No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A. D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát. One in the Asiatic Society's Library of Calcutta, (of which we have a Copy) contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of Repetition and | Corruption. So (xi) Von Hammer speaks of *his* Copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that Number. The Scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their Work under a sort of Protest; each beginning with a Tetrastich (whether genuine or not) taken out of its alphabetic order; the Oxford with one of Apology; the Calcutta with one of Execration too stupid for Omar's, even had Omar been stupid enough to execrate himself.*

The Reviewer, who translates the foregoing Particulars of Omar's Life, and some of his Verse into Prose, concludes by comparing him with Lucretius, both in natural Temper and Genius, and as acted upon by the Circumstances in which he lived. Both indeed men of subtle Intellect and high Imagination, instructed in Learning beyond their day, and of Hearts passionate for Truth and Justice; who justly revolted from their Country's false Religion, and false, or foolish, Devotion to it; but who yet fell short of replacing what they subverted by any such better *Hope* as others, upon whom no better

* *"Since this Paper was written" (adds the Reviewer in a note) "we have met with a Copy of a very rare Edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836. This contains 438 Tetrastichs, with an Appendix containing 54 others not found in some MSS."*

Faith had dawned, had yet made a Law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus furnished, consoled himself with the construction of a Machine that needed no Constructor, and acting by a Law that implied no Lawgiver; and so composing himself into a Stoical rather than Epicurean severity of Attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical Drama of the Uni-
(xii) verse of which he was part Actor; | himself and all about him, (as in his own sublime Description of the Roman Theatre,) coloured with the lurid reflex of the Curtain that was suspended between them and the outer Sun. Omar, more desperate, or more careless, of any such laborious System as resulted in nothing more than hopeless Necessity, flung his own Genius and Learning with a bitter jest into the general Ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, yielding his Senses to the actual Rose and Vine, only *diverted* his thoughts by balancing ideal possibilities of Fate, Freewill, Existence and Annihilation; with an oscillation that so generally inclined to the negative and lower side, as to make such Stanzas as the following exceptions to his general Philosophy—

Oh, if my Soul can fling his Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Is 't not a Shame, is 't not a Shame for Him
So long in this Clay Suburb to abide!

Or is *that* but a Tent, where rests anon
A Sultán to his Kingdom passing on,

And which the swarthy Chamberlain shall strike
Then when the Sultán rises to be gone?

With regard to the present Translation. The original Rubáiyát (as, missing an Arabic Guttural, these *Tetrastichs* are more musically called), are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Prosody, sometimes *all* rhyming, but oftener (as here attempted) the third line suspending the Cadence by which the last atones with the former Two. Something as in the Greek Alcaic, where the third line seems to lift and suspend the | Wave that falls over the last. As (xiii) usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme—a strange Farrago of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the "Drink and make-merry," which (genuine or not) recurs over-frequently in the Original. For Lucretian as Omar's Genius might be, he cross'd that darker Mood with much of Oliver de Vasselin Humour. Any way, the Result is sad enough: saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: any way, fitter to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tentmaker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic Glimpse of TOMORROW, fell back upon TODAY (which has outlasted so many Tomorrows!) as the only Ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet.

RUBÁIYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.

I AWAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:[1]
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

II Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky[2]
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
"Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

III And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
"You know how little while we have to stay,
"And, once departed, may return no more."

IV Now the New Year[3] reviving old Desires, (2)
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out,[4] and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

v Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,[5]
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

vi And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Péhlevi,[6] with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
"*Red* Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek [7] of her's to incarnadine.

vii Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

viii And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

ix But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot (3)
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,[8]
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

x With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

xi Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

xii "How sweet is mortal Sovranty!"—think some:
Others—"How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum![9]

xiii Look to the Rose that blows about us—"Lo,
"Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow:
"At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
"Tear, and its Treasure[10] on the Garden throw."

xiv The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon (4)
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lightning a little Hour or two—is gone.

XV And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

XVII They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep: [11]
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

XVIII I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

XIX And this delightful Herb whose tender Green (5)
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XX Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.[12]

XXI Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

XXII And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

XXIII Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

XXIV Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare, (6)
And those that after a To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

XXV Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVI Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

XXVII Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

XXVIII With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing, (7)
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!

XXXI Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,[13]
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

XXXII There was a Door to which I found no Key:
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seemed—and then no more of THEE and ME.[15]

XXXIII Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to guide
"Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?"
And—"A blind Understanding!" Heav'n replied.

XXXIV Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn (8)
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live
"Drink!—for once dead you never shall return."

XXXV I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVI For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVII Ah! fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if To-DAY be sweet!

XXXVIII One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing[16]—Oh, make haste!

XXXIX How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit (9)
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

XL You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

XLI For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though *with* Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *without*, I could define,[14]
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

XLII And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was—the Grape!

XLIII The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects[17] confute:
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

XLIV The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious Lord, (10)
That all the misbelieving and black Horde[18]
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

XLV But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

XLVI For in and out, above, about, below,
'T is nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.[19]

XLVII And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.

XLVIII While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not shrink.

XLIX 'T is all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days (11)
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

L The Ball no Question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows![20]

LI The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

LII And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

LIII With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LIV I tell Thee this—When, starting from the Goal, *(12)*
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtara they flung,[21]
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul.

LV The Vine had struck a Fibre; which about
If clings my Being—let the Súfi flout;
Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LVI And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrathconsume me quite,
One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LVII Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

LVIII Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take!

. . . . . .

KÚZA-NÁMA.

LIX Listen again. One Evening at the Close (13)
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.

LX And, strange to tell, among the Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried—
"Who *is* the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXI Then said another—"Surely not in vain
"My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
"That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
"Should stamp me back to common Earth again."

LXII Another said—"Why, ne'er a peevish Boy,
"Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy;
"Shall He that *made* the Vessel in pure Love
"And Fansy, in an after Rage destroy!"

LXIII None answer'd this; but after Silence spake (14)
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
"What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXIV Said one—"Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
"And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
"They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!
"He 's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

LXV Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
"My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry:
"But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,
"Methinks I might recover by-and-bye!"

LXVI So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking: [22]
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
"Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

. . . . . .

LXVII Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide, (15)
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

LXVIII That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

LXIX Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

LXX Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

LXXI And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

LXXII Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose! (16)
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

LXXIII Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

LXXIV Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!

LXXV And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM SHUD.

NOTES.

[1] FLINGING a Stone into the Cup was the Signal for "To Horse!" in the Desert.

[2] The *"False Dawn;" Subhi Khásib*, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the *Subhi sâdhik*, or True Dawn: a well known Phenomenon in the East. The Persians call the Morning Gray, or Dusk, *"Wolf-and-Sheep-While."* "Almost at odds with, which is which."

[3] New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and (howsoever the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy *Lunar* Year that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra) still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshyd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

"The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring," (says a late Traveller in Persia) "are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start from the Soil. At *Now Rooz* (*their* New Year's Day) the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Garden were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing upon the Plains on every side—

> 'And on old Hyems' Chin and icy Crown
> 'An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds
> 'Is, as in mockery, set——'—

| Among the Plants newly appear'd I recognised some old Acquaintances I had not seen for many a Year: among these, two varieties of the Thistle; a coarse species of the Daisy, like the Horse-gowan; red and white Clover; the Dock; the blue Corn-flower; and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its yellow crest on the Banks of the Watercourses." The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown: but an almost identical Blackbird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring. *(18)*

[4] Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand—not, according to the Persians, *"leprous as Snow,"*—but *white* as our May Blossom in Spring perhaps! According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath.

[5] Irám, planted by King Schedad, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshýd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the Seven Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c. and was a *Divining Cup.*

[6] *Péhlevi*, the old Heroic *Sanskrit* of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale's *Péhlevi*, which did not change with the People's.

[7] I am not sure if this refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia.

[8] Rustum, the "Hercules" of Persia, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Shah-náma. Hátim Tai, a well-known Type of Oriental Generosity.

[9] A Drum—beaten outside a Palace.

[10] That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

(19) | [11] Persepolis: call'd also *Takht'i Jamshýd*—THE THRONE OF JAMSHÝD, *"King-Splendid,"* of the mythical *Peeshdádian* Dynasty, and supposed (with Shah-náma Authority) to have been founded and built by him, though others refer it to the Work of the Genie King, Ján Ibn Jann, who also built the Pyramids before the time of Adam. It is also called *Chehl-minar—Forty-column;* which is Persian, probably, for *Column-countless;* the Hall they adorned or supported with their Lotus Base and taurine Capital indicating double that Number, though now counted down to less than half by Earthquake and other Inroad. By whomsoever built, unquestionably the Monument of a long extinguished Dynasty and Mythology; its Halls, Chambers and Galleries, inscribed with Arrow-head Characters, and sculptured with colossal, wing'd, half human Figures like those of Nimroud; Processions of Priests and Warriors—(doubtful if any were a Woman)—and Kings sitting on Thrones or in Chariots, Staff or Lotus-flower in hand, and the *Ferooher*—Symbol of Existence—with its wing'd Globe, common also to Assyria and Ægypt—over their heads. All this, together with Aqueduct and Cistern, and other Appurtenance of a Royal Palace, upon a Terrace-platform, ascended by a double Flight of Stairs that may be gallop'd up, and cut out of and into the Rock-side of the *Koh'i Ráhmet, Mountain of Mercy,* where the old Fire-worshiping Sovereigns are buried, and overlooking the Plain of Merdasht.

Persians, like some other People, it seems, love to write their own Names, with sometimes a Verse or two, on their Country's Monuments. Mr. Binning (from whose sensible Travels the foregoing Account is

(20) mainly condens't) | found several such in Persepolis; in one Place a fine Line of Háfiz: in another "an original, no doubt," he says, "by no great Poet," however "right in his Sentiment." The Words somehow looked to us, and the "halting metre" sounded, familiar; and on looking back at last among the 500 Rubáiyát of the Calcutta Omar MS.—*there* it is: old Omar quoted by *one* of his Countrymen, and here turned into hasty Rhyme, at any rate—

"This Palace that its Top to Heaven threw,
And Kings their Forehead on its Threshold drew—
I saw a Ring-dove sitting there alone,
And 'Coo, Coo, Coo,' she cried, and 'Coo, Coo, Coo.'"

So as it seems the Persian speaks the English Ring-dove's *Péhlevi*, which is also articulate Persian for "Where?"

Bahrám Gúr—*Bahrám of the Wild Ass*, from his Fame in hunting it—a Sassanian Sovereign, had also his Seven Castles (like the King of Bohemia!) each of a different Colour; each with a Royal Mistress within side; each of whom recounts to Bahrám a Romance, according to one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amír Khusraw: these Sevens also figuring (according to Eastern Mysticism) the Seven Heavens, and perhaps the Book itself that Eighth, into which the mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of these Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahrám sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood, while pursuing his *Gúr*.

[12] A Thousand Years to each Planet.

[13] Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

[14] A Laugh at his Mathematics perhaps.

[15] Me and Thee; that is, some Dividual Existence or Personality *(21)* apart from the Whole.

[16] The Caravan travelling by Night (after their New Year's Day of the Vernal Equinox) by command of Mohammed, I believe.

[17] The 72 Sects into which Islamism so soon split.

[18] This alludes to Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its swarthy Idolaters.

[19] *Fanúsi khiyál*, a Magic-lanthorn still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the Candle lighted within.

[20] A very mysterious Line in the original;

U dánad u dánad u dánad u—

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

[21] Parwín and Mushtara—The Pleiads and Jupiter.

[22] At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Musulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their Division of the Year) is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with all Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard toward the *Cellar*, perhaps. Old Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about this same Moon—

"Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,
"And a young Moon requite us by and bye:
"Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan
"With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!"

FINIS.

EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S LETTERS RELATING TO "SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL."

To E. B. Cowell.

31 Great Portland Street, P. Place.

[*1855.*]

. . . Jámí; whose ingenuous prattle I am stilting into too Miltonic verse. This I am very sure of. But it is done.

[*Jan. 1856.*]

I send you a sketch of Jámí's Life, which cut, correct, and annotate as you like. Where there was so little to tell I have brought in all the fine Names and extra bits I could to give it a little sparkle. There is very little after all; I have spread it over Paper to give you room to note upon *it. Only take care not to lose these, or Yesterday's Papers—for my Terror at going over the Ground!*

You must put in the corrected Notice about the Sultan Hussein, both in the Memoir and in the Note to the Poem. The latter will have room for at least four (I think five) lines of note Type: which you must fill, and not overflow: 'strong without rage,' etc.

I feel guilty at taking up your Time and Thoughts: and also at Dressing myself so in your Plumes. But I mean to say a word about this, φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν, *in my Preliminary Notice; and would gladly dedicate the little Book to you by Name, with due acknowledgment, did I think the world would take it for a Compliment to you. But though I like the Version, and you like it, we know very well the world—even the very little world, I mean, who will see it—may not; and might laugh at us both for any such Compliment. They cannot laugh at your Scholarship; but they might laugh at the use I put it to: and at my dedicating* a cobweb *(as Carlyle called Maud the other night) to you.*

To E. B. Cowell.

[*1856.*]

. . . *The Book shall be, as you think well, left at Parker's for sale, and even advertised for sale. Half-a-dozen will buy, and the Critics in the Papers will sneer. For I observe they always take up any Confession of unliteralness etc., against oneself: and yet one can't honestly put forth a Translation without saying how far one has left the Original.* . . .

[*May 1856.*]

. . . *By the bye, I wish you would apologise to her*[1] *(though she won't care for it) for the Liberty I took with her delightful Verses in my Letter. I made Thorn bush* 'nestle' *not 'lie' on the Hill to avoid a little jingle*

[1] Mrs. Cowell.

with 'sky' in the foregoing Line. The Line 'Burned like a Golden Angel ground above,' etc., was meant to refer to those early Religious Pictures (Pre-Raphaelite!) *where one sees a literally Gold ground teeming with Angel outlines, either over the heads of some Holy Family or of some purple Background. The* Idea *is a good one; but the expression not what it should be; nor should I have substituted so much except that we never could get the original Line to anything like the Goodness of the rest. This will at least show you I did not alter the Verses without consideration, howsoever it may succeed.* . . .

To H. Schütz Wilson.

[*1 March, 1882.*]

. . . *Why, it was the first Persian Poem I read, with my friend Edward Cowell, near on forty years ago: and I was so well pleased with it then (and now think it almost the best of the Persian Poems I have read or heard about) that I published my version of it in 1856 (I think) with Parker of the Strand. When Parker disappeared, my unsold copies, many more than of the sold, were returned to me; some of which, if not all, I gave to little Quaritch, who, I believe, trumpeted them off to some little profit: and I thought no more of them.* . . .

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL

AN ALLEGORY

Welcome, Prince of Horsemen, welcome!
Ride a field, and strike the Ball!

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

AN ALLEGORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN

OF

J Á M I.

LONDON:
J. W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.
MDCCCLVI.

MY DEAR COWELL,

Two years ago, when we began (I for the first time) to read this Poem together, I wanted you to translate it, as something that should interest a few who are worth interesting. You, however, did not see the way clear then, and had Aristotle pulling you by one Shoulder and Prakrit Vararuchi by the other, so as indeed to have hindered you up to this time completing a Version of Hafiz' best Odes which you had then happily begun. So, continuing to like old Jámi more and more, I must try my hand upon him; and here is my reduced Version of a small Original. What Scholarship it has is yours, my Master in Persian and so much beside; who are no further answerable for *all* than by well liking and wishing publisht what you may scarce have Leisure to find due fault with.

Had all the Poem been like Parts, it would have been all translated, and in such Prose lines as you measure Hafiz in, and such as any one should adopt who does not feel himself so much of a Poet as him he translates and some he translates for—before whom it is best to lay the raw material as genuine as may be, to work up to their own better Fancies. But, unlike Hafiz' best—(whose Sonnets are sometimes as close packt as Shakespeare's, which they resemble in more | ways than one)—Jámi, (iv) you know, like his Countrymen generally, is very diffuse in what he tells and his way of telling it. The very structure of the Persian Couplet—(here, like people on the

Stage, I am repeating to you what you know, with an Eye to the small Audience beyond)—so often ending with the same Word, or Two Words, if but the foregoing Syllable secure a lawful Rhyme, so often makes the Second Line but a slightly varied Repetition, or Modification of the First, and gets slowly over Ground often hardly worth gaining. This iteration is common indeed to the Hebrew Psalms and Proverbs—where, however, the Value of the Repetition is different. In your Hafiz also, not Two only, but Eight or Ten Lines perhaps are tied to the same Close of Two—or *Three*—words; a verbal Ingenuity as much valued in the East as better Thought. And how many of all the Odes called his, more and fewer in various Copies, do you yourself care to deal with?—And in the better ones how often some lines, as I think for this reason, unworthy of the Rest—interpolated perhaps from the Mouths of his many Devotees, Mystical and Sensual—or crept into Manuscripts of which he never arranged or corrected one from the First?

This, together with the confined Action of Persian Grammar, whose organic simplicity seems to me its difficulty when applied, makes the Line by Line Translation of a Poem not line by line precious tedious in proportion
(v) to its | length. Especially—(what the Sonnet does not feel)—in the Narrative; which I found when once eased in its Collar, and yet missing somewhat of rhythmical Amble, somehow, and not without resistance on my part, swerved into that "easy road" of Verse—easiest as unbe-

set with any exigencies of Rhyme. Those little Stories, too, which you thought untractable, but which have their Use as well as Humour by way of quaint Interlude Music between the little Acts, felt ill at ease in solemn Lowth-Isaiah Prose, and had learn'd their tune, you know, before even Hiawatha came to teach people to quarrel about it. Till, one part drawing on another, the Whole grew to the present form.

As for the much bodily omitted—it may be readily guessed that an Asiatic of the 15th Century might say much on such a subject that an Englishman of the 19th would not care to read. Not that our Jámi is ever *licentious* like his Contemporary Chaucer, nor like Chaucer's Posterity in Times that called themselves more Civil. But better Men will not now endure a simplicity of Speech that Worse men abuse. Then the many more, and foolisher, Stories—preliminary Te Deums to Allah and Allah's-shadow Sháh—very much about Alef Noses, Eyebrows like inverted Núns, drunken Narcissus Eyes —and that eternal Moon Face which never wanes from Persia—of all which there is surely enough in this Glimpse of the Original. No doubt some Oriental character escapes—the Story sometimes becomes | too Skin (vi) and Bone without due interval of even Stupid and Bad. Of the two Evils?—At least what I have chosen is least in point of bulk; scarcely in proportion with the length of its Apology which, as usual, probably discharges one's own Conscience at too great a Price; people at once turning against you the Arms they might have wanted had

you not laid them down. However it may be with this, I am sure a complete Translation—even in Prose—would not have been a readable one—which, after all, is a useful property of most Books, even of Poetry.

In studying the Original, you know, one gets contentedly carried over barren Ground in a new Land of Language—excited by chasing any new Game that will but show Sport; the most worthless to win asking perhaps all the sharper Energy to pursue, and so far yielding all the more Satisfaction when run down. Especially, cheer'd on as I was by such a Huntsman as poor Dog of a Persian Scholar never hunted with before; and moreover—but that was rather in the Spanish Sierras—by the Presence of a Lady in the Field, silently brightening about us like Aurora's Self, or chiming in with musical Encouragement that all we started and ran down must be Royal Game!

Ah, happy Days! When shall we Three meet again—when dip in that unreturning Tide of Time and Circumstance!—In those Meadows far from the World, it seemed, as Salámán's Island—before an Iron Railway
(vii) broke the | Heart of that Happy Valley whose Gossip was the Mill-wheel, and Visitors the Summer Airs that momentarily ruffled the sleepy Stream that turned it as they chased one another over to lose themselves in Whispers in the Copse beyond. Or returning—I suppose you remember whose Lines they are—

> When Winter Skies were ting'd with Crimson still
> Where Thornbush nestles on the quiet hill,

> And the live Amber round the setting Sun,
> Lighting the Labourer home whose Work is done,
> Burn'd like a Golden Angel-ground above
> The solitary Home of Peace and Love——

at such an hour drawing home together for a fireside Night of it with Æschylus or Calderon in the Cottage, whose walls, modest almost as those of the Poor who cluster'd—and with good reason—round, make to my Eyes the Tower'd Crown of Oxford hanging in the Horizon, and with all Honour won, but a dingy Vapour in Comparison. And now, should they beckon from the terrible Ganges, and this little Book begun as a happy Record of past, and pledge perhaps of Future, Fellowship in Study, darken already with the shadow of everlasting Farewell!

But to turn from you Two to a Public—nearly as numerous—(with whom, by the way, this Letter may die without a name that *you* know very well how to supply),—here is the best I could make of Jámi's Poem—"Ouvrage de peu d'étendue," says the Biographie Universelle, and, whatever | that means, here collaps'd into a nut- (viii)
shell Epic indeed; whose Story however, if nothing else, may interest some Scholars as one of Persian Mysticism—perhaps the grand Mystery of all Religions—an Allegory fairly devised and carried out—dramatically culminating as it goes on; and told as to this day the East loves to tell her Story, illustrated by Fables and Tales, so often (as we read in the latest Travels) at the expense of the poor Arab of the Desert.

The Proper Names—and some other Words peculiar

to the East—are printed as near as may be to their native shape and sound—"Sulayman" for Solomon—"Yúsuf" for Joseph, &c., as being not only more musical, but retaining their Oriental flavour unalloyed with European Association. The *accented* Vowels are to be pronounced long, as in Italian—Salámán—Absál—Shírín, &c.

The Original is in rhymed Couplets of this measure—

– ⏑ – – | – ⏑ – – | – ⏑ – | |

which those who like Monkish Latin may remember in

Dum Salámán verba Regis cogitat,
Pectus intrá de profundis æstuat.

or in English—by way of asking, "your Clemency for us and for our Tragedy"—

Of Salámán and of Absál hear the Song;
Little wants Man here below, nor little long.

LIFE OF JÁMI.

[*I hope the following disproportionate Notice of Jámi's Life will be amusing enough to excuse its length. I found most of it at the last moment in Rosenzweig's "Biographische Notizen" of Jámi, from whose own, and Commentator's, Works it purports to be gathered.*]

NÚRUDDÍN ABDURRAHMAN, Son of Maulána Nizamudín[1] Ahmed, and descended on the Mother's side from One of the Four great "FATHERS" of Islamism, was born A. H. 817, A. D. 1414, in Jám, a little Town of Khorasán, whither (according to the Heft Aklím—"Seven Climates") his Grandfather had migrated * from Desht of Ispahán, and from which the Poet ultimately took his Takhalus, or Poetic name, JÁMI. This word also signifies "A Cup;" wherefore, he says, "Born in Jám, and dipt in the "*Jám*" of Holy Lore, for a double reason I must be called JÁMI in the Book of Song." He was celebrated afterwards in other Oriental Titles—"Lord of Poets"—"Elephant of Wisdom," &c., but often liked to call himself "The Ancient of Herát," where he mainly resided.

When Five Years old he received the name of Núruddín—the "Light of Faith," and even so early began to

[1] *Such final* uddins *signify* "OF THE FAITH." "MAULÁNA" *may be taken as* "MASTER" *in Learning, Law, &c.*

* *For* "migrated" *read* "removed."

show the Metal, and take the Stamp that distinguished him through Life. In 1419, a famous Sheikh, Khwájah Mehmed Parsa, then in the last Year of his Life, was being carried through Jám. "I was not then Five Years old," says Jámi, "and my Father, who with his Friends went forth to salute him, had me carried on the Shoulders
(x) of one | of the Family and set down before the Litter of the Sheikh, who gave a Nosegay into my hand. Sixty Years have passed, and methinks I now see before me the bright Image of the Holy Man, and feel the Blessing of his Aspect, from which I date my after Devotion to that Brotherhood in which I hope to be enrolled."

So again, when Maulána Fakhruddín Loristani had alighted at his Mother's house—"I was then so little that he set me upon his Knee, and with his Fingers drawing the Letters of 'ALI' and 'OMAR' in the Air, laughed delightedly to hear me spell them. He also by his Goodness sowed in my Heart the Seed of his Devotion, which has grown to Increase within me—in which I hope to live, and in which to die. Oh God! Dervish let me live, and Dervish die; and in the Company of the Dervish do Thou quicken me to Life again!"

Jámi first went to a School at Herát; and afterward to one founded by the Great Timúr at Samarcand. There he not only outstript his Fellows in the very Encyclopædic Studies of Persian Education, but even puzzled the Doctors in Logic, Astronomy, and Theology; who, however, with unresenting Gravity welcomed him —"Lo! a new Light added to our Galaxy!"—In the

wider Field of Ṣamarcand he might have liked to remain; but Destiny liked otherwise, and a Dream recalled him to Herát. A Vision of the Great Súfí Master there, Mehmed Saaduddín Kaschgari, of the Nakshbend Order of Dervishes, appeared to him in his Sleep, and bade him return to One who would satisfy all Desire. Jámi went back to Herát; he saw the Sheikh discoursing with his Disciples by the Door of the Great Mosque; day after day passed by without daring to present himself; but the Master's Eye was upon him; day by day draws him nearer and nearer—till at last the Sheikh announces to those about him—"Lo! this Day have I taken a Falcon in my Snare!"

Under him Jámi began his Súfí Noviciate, with such Devotion, and under such Fascination from the Master, that going, he tells | us, but for one Summer Day's * (xi) Holiday into the Country, one single Line was enough † to "lure the Tassel-gentle back again;"

"Lo! here am I, and Thou look'st on the Rose!"

By and bye he withdraws, by course of Súfí Instruction, into Solitude so long and profound, that on his Return to Men he has almost lost the Power of Converse with them. At last, when duly taught, and duly authorized to teach as Súfí Doctor, he yet will not‡, though solicited by those who had seen such a Vision of Him as had drawn Himself to Herát; and not till the Evening

* *Dele* "Day's."
† *For* "was enough" *read* "sufficed."
‡ *Insert:* "take upon him to do so."

of his Life is he to be seen with White hairs * taking that place by the Mosque which his departed Master had been used to occupy before.

Meanwhile he had become Poet, which no doubt winged his Reputation and Doctrine far and wide through Nations to whom Poetry is a vital Element of the Air they breathe. "A Thousand times," he says, "I have repented of such Employment; but I could no more shirk it than one can shirk what the Pen of Fate has written on his Forehead"—"As Poet I have resounded through the World; Heaven filled itself with my Song, and the Bride of Time adorned her Ears and Neck with the Pearls of my Verse, whose coming Caravan the Persian Hafíz and Saadi came forth gladly to salute, and the Indian Khosrú and Hasan hailed as a Wonder of the World." "The Kings of India and Rúm greet me by Letter: the Lords of Irák and Tabríz load me with Gifts; and what shall I say of those of Khorasán, who drown me in an Ocean of Munificence?"

This, though Oriental, is scarcely Bombast. Jámi was honoured by Princes at home and abroad, and at the very time they were cutting one another's Throats; by his own Sultan Abou Saïd; by Hasan Beg of Mesopotamia—"Lord of Tabríz"—by whom Abou Saïd was defeated, dethroned, and slain; by Mahomet II. of Turkey—"King of Rúm"—who in his turn defeated Hasan; and lastly
(xii) by Husein Mirza Baikara, who extinguished the Prince | whom Hasan had set up in Abou's Place at Herát. Such is the House that Jack builds in Persia.

* *For* "is he to be seen with White hairs" *read* "was he found."

As Hasan Beg, however—the USUNCASSAN of old Europæan Annals—is singularly connected with the present Poem, and with probably the most important event in Jámi's Life, I will briefly follow the Steps that led to that as well as other Princely Intercourse.

In A. H. 877, A. D. 1472, Jámi set off on his Pilgrimage to Mecca.* He, and, on his Account, the Caravan he went with, were honourably and safely escorted through the intervening † Countries by order of their several Potentates as far as Bagdad. There Jámi fell into trouble by the Treachery of a Follower he had reproved, and who (born 400 Years too soon) misquoted Jámi's Verse into disparagement of ALI, the Darling Imám of Persia. This getting wind at Bagdad, the thing was brought to solemn Tribunal, at which Hasan Beg's two Sons assisted. Jámi came victoriously off; his Accuser pilloried with a dockt Beard in Bagdad Market-place: but the Poet was so ill pleased with the stupidity of those who believed the Report, that, standing in Verse upon the Tigris' side,‡ he calls for a Cup of Wine to seal up Lips of whose Utterance the Men of Bagdad were unworthy.

After 4 months' stay there, during which he visits at Helleh the Tomb of Ali's Son Husein, who had fallen at Kerbela, he sets forth again—to Najaf, where he says his Camel sprang forward at sight of Ali's own Tomb—crosses the Desert in 22 days, meditating on the Prophet's

* *Add* "as every true Believer who could afford it was expected once in his life to do."
† *For* "intervening" *read* "intermediate."
‡ *For* "standing in Verse upon the Tigris' side" *read* "in an after Poem."

Glory, to Medina; and so at last to MECCA, where, as he sang in a Ghazal, he went through all Mahommedan Ceremony with a Mystical Understanding of his Own.

He then turns Homeward: is entertained for 45 days at Damascus, which he leaves the very Day before the Turkish Mahomet's * Envoys come with 5000 Ducats to carry him to Constantinople. Arriving at Amida, the Capital of Mesopotamia (Diyar bakar), he finds War broken out in full Flame between that Mahomet † and Hasan Beg, King of the Country, who has Jámi hon-
(xiii) ourably | escorted through the dangerous Roads to Tabríz; there receives him in Diván, "frequent and full" of Sage and Noble (Hasan being a great Admirer of Learning), and would fain have him abide at Court awhile. Jámi, however, is intent on Home, and once more seeing his aged Mother—for *he* is turned of Sixty! —and at last touches ‡ Herát in the Month of Schaaban, 1478, after the Average Year's absence.

This is the HASAN, "in Name and Nature *Handsome*" (and so described by some Venetian Ambassadors of the Time), of whose protection Jámi speaks in the Preliminary Vision of this Poem, which he dedicates to Hasan's Son, Yacúb Beg: who, after the due murder of an Elder Brother, succeeded to the Throne; till all the Dynasties of "Black and White Sheep" together were swept away a few years after by Ismael, Founder of the Soffí Dynasty in Persia.

* *For* "Mahomet's" *read* "Sultan's."
† *For* "Mahomet" *read* "Sultan."
‡ *For* "touches" *read* "reaches."

Arrived at home, Jámi finds Husein Mirza Baikara, last of the Timúridæ, fast seated there; having probably slain ere Jámi went the Prince whom Hasan had set up; but the date of a Year or Two may well wander in the Bloody Jungle of Persian History. Husein, however, receives Jámi with open Arms; Nisamuddín Ali Schír, his Vizír, a Poet too, had hailed in Verse the Poet's Advent from Damascus as "The Moon rising in the West;" and they both continued affectionately to honour him as long as he lived.

Jámi sickened of his mortal Illness on the 18th of Moharrem, 1492—a Sunday. His Pulse began to fail on the following Friday, about the Hour of Morning Prayer, and stopped at the very moment when the Muezzin began to call to Evening. He had lived Eighty-one Years. Sultan Husein undertook the Burial of one whose Glory it was to have lived and died in Dervish Poverty; the Dignities of the Kingdom followed him to the Grave; where 20 days afterward was recited in presence of the Sultan and his Court an Eulogy composed by the Vizír, who also laid the first Stone of a Monument to his Friend's Memory—the first Stone of "Tarbet'i Jámi," in the Street of Mesched, a principal Thoro'fare | of the (xiv) City of Herát. For, says Rosenzweig, it must be kept in mind that Jámi was reverenced not only as a Poet and Philosopher, but as a Saint also; who not only might work a Miracle himself, but leave the Power lingering about his Tomb. It was known that once in his Life,*

* *Dele* "once in his Life."

an Arab, who had falsely accused him of selling a Camel he knew to be mortally * unsound, had very shortly after died, as Jámi had predicted, and on the very selfsame spot where the Camel fell. And that Libellous Rogue at Bagdad—he, putting his hand into his Horse's Nose-bag to see if "das Thier" has finisht his Corn, had his Fore-finger bitten off by the same—"von demselben der Zeigefinger abgebissen"—of which "Verstümmlung" he soon died—I suppose, as he ought,† of Lock-jaw.

The Persians, who are adepts at much elegant Ingenuity,‡ are fond of commemorating Events by some analogous Word or Sentence whose Letters, cabalistically corresponding to certain Numbers, compose the Date required. In Jámi's case they have hit upon the word "Kas," a Cup, whose signification brings his own name to Memory, and whose relative Letters make up his 81 years. They have *Taríks* also for remembering the Year of his Death: Rosenzweig gives some; but Ouseley the prettiest, if it will hold—— §

> Dúd az Khorásán bar ámed—
> "The smoke" of Sighs "went up from Khorásán."

No Biographer, says Rosenzweig cautiously, records of Jámi that he had || more than one Wife (Granddaughter of his Master Sheikh) and Four Sons which,

* *Dele* "mortally."
† *For* "ought" *read* "deserved."
‡ *For* "much elegant Ingenuity" *read* "such Ingenuity."
§ *For* "if it will hold" *read* "of all."
|| *For* "Jámi that he had" *read* "Jámi's having."

however, are Five too many for the Doctrine of this Poem.* Of the Sons, Three died Infant; and the Fourth (born to him in very old Age), and for whom he wrote some Elementary Tracts, and the more famous "Beharistan," lived but a few years, and was remembered by his Father in the Preface to his Chiradnameh Iskander—a book of Morals, which perhaps had also been begun for the Boy's Instruction.

Of Jámi's wonderful Fruitfulness—"bewunderungswerther Fruchtbarkeit"—as Writer, Rosenzweig names Forty-four off-|springs—the Letters of the word "JÁM" (xv) completing by the aforesaid process that very Number. But Shír Khán Lúdi in his "Memoirs of the Poets," says Ouseley, counts him Author of *Ninety-nine* Volumes of Grammar, Poetry, and Theology, which "continue to be universally admired in all parts of the Eastern World, Irán, Turán, and Hindustán"—copied some of them into precious Manuscript, illuminated with Gold and Painting, by the greatest Penmen and Artists of the Time; one such—the "Beharistan"—said to have cost some Thousands of Pounds—autographed as one most precious treasure of their Libraries by two Sovereign Descendants of TIMÚR upon the Throne of Hindustán; and now reposited away from "the Drums and Tramplings" of Oriental Conquest in the tranquil Seclusion of an English Library.

Of these Ninety-nine, or Forty-four, Volumes few are known, and none except the Present and one other Poem

* *Dele from* "which" *to* "Poem."

ever printed, in England, where the * knowledge of Persian might have been politically useful. The Poet's name with us is almost solely associated with his "YÚSUF AND ZULAIKHA," which, with the other two I have mentioned, count † Three of the Brother Stars of that Constellation into which Jámi, or his Admirers, have clustered his Seven best Mystical Poems under the name of "HEFT AURANG" —those "SEVEN THRONES" to which we of the West and North give our characteristic Name of "Great Bear" and "Charles's Wain."

He must have enjoyed great Favour and Protection from his Princes at home, or he would hardly have ventured to write so freely as in this Poem he does of Doctrine which exposed the Súfí to vulgar abhorrence and Danger. Hafíz and others are apologized for as having been obliged to veil a Divinity beyond what "THE PROPHET" dreamt of under the Figure of Mortal Cup and Cup-bearer. Jámi speaks in Allegory too, by way of making a palpable grasp at the Skirt of the Ineffable; ‡ but he also dares, in the very thick of Mahommedanism, to talk of REASON as sole Fountain of Prophecy; and to pant
(xvi) for what would seem § so Pan- | theistic an Identification with the Deity as shall blind him to any distinction between Good and Evil.[1]

I must not forget one pretty passage of Jámi's Life.

* *For* "the" *read* "a wider."
† *Read* "count as Three."
‡ *Dele from* "by" *to* "Ineffable."
§ *Dele* "what would seem."
[1] *"Je me souviens d'un Prédicateur à Ispahan qui, prêchant un jour dans une Place publique, parla furieusement contre ces Soufys, disant*

He had a nephew, one Maulána Abdullah, who was ambitious of following his Uncle's Footsteps in Poetry. Jámi first dissuaded him; then, by way of trial whether he had a Talent as well as a Taste, bid him imitate Firdusi's Satire on Shah Mahmúd. The Nephew did so well, that Jámi then encouraged him to proceed; himself wrote the first Couplet of his First (and most noted) Poem—Laila and Majnun—

> This Book of which the Pen has now laid the Foundation,
> May the diploma of Acceptance one day befall it,—

and Abdallah went on to write that and four other Poems which Persia continues and multiplies in fine Manuscript and Illumination to the present day, remembering their Author under his Takhalus of HÁTIFI—"The Voice from Heaven"—and Last of the so reputed Persian Poets.

The several Spellings of some Proper Names, especially the Prophet's, in Memoir and Appendix, must be excused by the several Writers they are quoted from.

qu'ils étoient des Athées à bruler; qu'il s'étonnoit qu'on les laissât vivre; et que de tuer un Soufy étoit une Action plus agréable à Dieu que de conserver la Vie à dix Hommes de Bien. Cinq ou Six Soufys qui étoient parmi les Auditeurs se jettèrent sur lui après le Sermon et le battirent terriblement; et comme je m'efforçois de les empêcher ils me disoient—'Un homme qui prêche le Meurtre doit-il se plaindre d'être battu?' "—Chardin.

[NOTE.—The alterations given in the footnotes are found in FitzGerald's autograph in some copies of this "Life of Jámi" prefixed to the edition of 1871.—See *Bibliography.*]

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

I.

PROLOGUE.

OH Thou whose Memory quickens Lovers' Souls,
Whose Fount of Joy renews the Lover's Tongue,
Thy Shadow falls across the World, and They
Bow down to it; and of the Rich in Beauty
Thou art the Riches that make Lovers mad.
Not till thy Secret Beauty through the Cheek
Of LAILA smite does she inflame MAJNÚN,[1]
And not till Thou have sugar'd SHÍRÍN's Lip
The Hearts of those Two Lovers fill with Blood.
For Lov'd and Lover are not but by Thee,
Nor Beauty;—Mortal Beauty but the Veil
Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from itself (2)
Feeds, and our Hearts yearn after as a Bride
That glances past us Veil'd—but ever so
As none the Beauty from the Veil may know.
How long wilt thou continue thus the World
To cozen [2] with the Fantom of a Veil
From which Thou only peepest?—Time it is
To unfold thy perfect Beauty. I would be

[1] *All well-known Types of Eastern Lovers.* SHÍRÍN *and her Suitors figure in Sect. xx.*
[2] *The Persian Mystics also represent the Deity Dice-ing with Human Destiny behind the Curtain.*

Thy Lover, and Thine only—I, mine Eyes
Seal'd in the Light of Thee to all but Thee,
Yea, in the Revelation of Thyself
Self-Lost, and Conscience-quit of Good and Evil.
Thou movest under all the Forms of Truth,
Under the Forms of all Created Things;
Look whence I will, still nothing I discern
But Thee in all the Universe, in which
Thyself Thou dost invest, and through the Eyes
Of MAN, the subtle Censor [1] scrutinize.
To thy Harím DIVIDUALITY
No Entrance finds—no Word of THIS and THAT;
Do Thou my separate and Derivéd Self
(3) Make One with thy Essential! Leave me room
On that Diván, which leaves no Room for Two; [2]
Lest, like the Simple Kurd of whom they tell,
I grow perplext, oh God! 'twixt "*I*" and "*THOU;*"
If *I*—this Dignity and Wisdom whence?
If *THOU*—then what this abject Impotence?

[1] *"The Apollonius of Keats' Lamia."*

[2] *This Súfí Identification with Deity (further illustrated in the Story of Sect. xix.) is shadowed in a Parable of Jelaladdín, of which here is an outline. "One knocked at the Beloved's Door; and a Voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the Voice said, 'This House will not hold Me and Thee.' And the Door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a Year he returned, and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is Thyself!'—and the Door was opened to him."*

A Kurd perplext by Fortune's Frolics
Left his Desert for the City.
Sees a City full of Noise and
Clamour, agitated People,
Hither, Thither, Back and Forward
Running, some intent on Travel,
Others home again returning,
Right to Left, and Left to Right,
Life-disquiet everywhere!
Kurd, when he beholds the Turmoil, (4)
Creeps aside, and, Travel-weary,
Fain would go to Sleep; "But," saith he,
"How shall I in all this Hubbub
"Know myself again on waking?"
So by way of Recognition
Ties a Pumpkin round his Foot,
And turns to Sleep. A Knave that heard him
Crept behind, and slily watching
Slips the Pumpkin off the Sleeper's
Ancle, ties it round his own,
And so down to sleep beside him.
By and by the Kurd awaking
Looks directly for his Signal—
Sees it on another's Ancle—
Cries aloud, "Oh Good-for-Nothing
"Rascal to perplex me so!

"That by you I am bewilder'd,
"Whether I *be* I *or no!*
If I*—the Pumpkin why on* You*?*
If You*—then where am I, and* Who*?"*

---

(5) Oh God! this poor bewilder'd Kurd am I,
Than any Kurd more helpless!—Oh, do thou
Strike down a Ray of Light into my Darkness!
Turn by thy Grace these Dregs into pure Wine,
To recreate the Spirits of the Good!
Or if not that, yet, as the little Cup
Whose Name I go by,[1] not unworthy found
To pass thy salutary Vintage round!

[1] *The Poet's name, "*Jámi,*" also signifies "*A Cup.*" The Poet's* Yúsuf *and* Zulaikha *opens also with this Divine Wine, the favourite Symbol of Hafiz and other Persian Mystics. The* Tavern *spoken of is The World.*

I listen in the Tavern of Sweet Songs,
And catch no Echo of their Harmony:
The Guests have drunk the Wine and are departed,
Leaving their empty Bowls behind—not one
To carry on the Revel Cup in hand!
Up Jámi *then! and whether Lees or Wine*
To offer—boldly offer it in Thine!

II.

AND yet how long, Jámi, in this Old House (6)
Stringing thy Pearls upon a Harp of Song?
Year after Year striking up some new Song,
The Breath of some Old Story?[1] Life is gone,
And yet the Song is not the Last; my Soul
Is spent—and still a Story to be told!
And I, whose Back is crookéd as the Harp
I still keep tuning through the Night till Day!
That Harp untun'd by Time—the Harper's hand
Shaking with Age—how shall the Harper's hand
Repair its cunning, and the sweet old Harp
Be modulated as of old? Methinks
'T is time to break and cast it in the Fire;
Yea, sweet the Harp that can be sweet no more,
To cast it in the Fire—the vain old Harp
That can no more sound Sweetness to the Ear,
But burn'd may breathe sweet Attar to the Soul,
And comfort so the Faith and Intellect,
Now that the Body looks to Dissolution.
My Teeth fall out—my two Eyes see no more (7)
Till by Feringhi Glasses turn'd to Four;[2]

[1] *"Yúsuf and Zulaikha," "Layla and Majnún," &c.*
[2] *First Notice of Spectacles in Oriental Poetry, perhaps.*

Pain sits with me sitting behind my knees,
From which I hardly rise unhelpt of hand;
I bow down to my Root, and like a Child
Yearn, as is likely, to my Mother Earth,
With whom I soon shall cease to moan and weep,
And on my Mother's Bosom fall asleep.

The House in Ruin, and its Music heard
No more within, nor at the Door of Speech,
Better in Silence and Oblivion
To fold me Head and Foot, remembering
What that BELOVED to his Master whisper'd:—
"No longer think of Rhyme, but Think of ME!"—
Of WHOM?—Of HIM whose Palace THE SOUL is,
And Treasure-House—who notices and knows
Its Income and Out-going, and *then* comes
To fill it when the Stranger is departed.
Whose Shadow being KINGS—whose Attributes
The Type of Theirs—their Wrath and Favour His—
Lo! in the Celebration of His Glory
The KING Himself comes on me unaware,
(8) And suddenly arrests me for his own.
Wherefore once more I take—best quitted else—
The Field of Verse, to chaunt that double Praise,
And in that Memory refresh my Soul
Until I grasp the Skirt of Living Presence.

One who travel'd in the Desert
Saw MAJNÚN *where he was sitting*
All alone like a Magician
Tracing Letters in the Sand.
"Oh distracted Lover! writing
"What the Sword-wind of the Desert
"Undecyphers soon as written,
"So that none who travels after
"Shall be able to interpret!"—
MAJNÚN *answer'd, "I am writing*
" 'LAILI'—were it only 'LAILI,'
"Yet a BOOK *of Love and Passion;*
"And, with but her Name to dote on,
"Amorously I caress it
"As it were Herself, and sip
"Her Presence till I drink her Lip."

III.

(9) WHEN Night had thus far brought me with my Book,
In middle Thought Sleep robb'd me of myself;
And in a Dream Myself I seem'd to see,
Walking along a straight and even Road,
And clean as is the Soul of the Sufí;
A Road whose spotless Surface neither Breeze
Lifted in Dust, nor mix'd the Rain to Mire.
There I, methought, was pacing tranquilly,
When, on a sudden, the tumultuous Shout
Of Soldiery behind broke on mine Ear,
And took away my Wit and Strength for Fear.
I look'd about for Refuge, and Behold!
A Palace was before me; whither running
For Refuge from the coming Soldiery,
Suddenly from the Troop a Sháhzemán,[1]
(10) By name and Nature HASAN—on the Horse
Of Honour mounted—robed in Royal Robes,
And wearing a White Turban on his Head,
Turn't his Rein tow'rd me, and with smiling Lips
Open'd before my Eyes the Door of Peace.

[1] *"Lord of the World,* SOVEREIGN; HASAN, BEAUTIFUL, GOOD." HASAN BEG *of Western Persia, famous for his Beauty, had helped Jámi with Escort in a dangerous Pilgrimage. He died (as History and a previous line in the Original tell) before Salámán was written, and was succeeded by his Son* YÁCÚB.

Then, riding up to me, dismounted; kiss'd
My Hand, and did me Courtesy; and I,
How glad of his Protection, and the Grace
He gave it with!—Who then of gracious Speech
Many a Jewel utter'd; but of these
Not one that in my Ear till Morning hung.
When, waking on my Bed, my waking Wit
I question'd what the Vision meant, it answered;
"This Courtesy and Favour of the Shah
"Foreshadows the fair Acceptance of thy Verse,
"Which lose no moment pushing to Conclusion."
This hearing, I address'd me like a Pen
To steady Writing; for perchance, I thought,
From the same Fountain whence the Vision grew
The Interpretation also may come True.

Breathless ran a simple Rustic (11)
To a Cunning Man of Dreams;
"Lo, this Morning I was dreaming—
"And, methought, in yon deserted
"Village wander'd—all about me
"Shatter'd Houses—and, Behold!
"Into one, methought, I went—and
"Search'd—and found a Hoard of Gold!"
Quoth the Prophet in Derision,

"Oh thou Jewel of Creation,
"Go and sole your Feet like Horse's,
"And returning to your Village
"Stamp and scratch with Hoof and Nail,
"And give Earth so sound a Shaking,
"She must hand you something up."
Went at once the unsuspecting
Countryman; with hearty Purpose
Set to work as he was told;
And, the very first Encounter,
Struck upon his Hoard of Gold!

Until Thou hast thy Purpose by the Hilt,
Catch at it boldly—or Thou never wilt.

IV.

THE STORY.

A SHAH there was who ruled the Realm of Yún,[1] (12)
And wore the Ring of Empire of Sikander;
And in his Reign A SAGE, who had the Tower
Of Wisdom of so strong Foundation built
That Wise Men from all Quarters of the World
To catch the Word of Wisdom from his Lip
Went in a Girdle round him.—Which THE SHAH
Observing, took him to his Secresy;
Stirr'd not a Step nor set Design afoot
Without that Sage's sanction; till, so counsel'd,
From Káf to Káf [2] reach'd his Dominion:
No Nation of the World or Nation's Chief
Who wore the Ring but under span of his (13)
Bow'd down the Neck; then rising up in Peace
Under his Justice grew, and knew no Wrong,
And in their Strength was his Dominion Strong.

The SHAH that has not Wisdom in Himself,
Nor has a Wise Man for his Counsellor,

[1] *Or "*YAVAN,*" Son of Japhet, from whom the Country was called "*YÚNAN,*"—*IONIA, *meant by the Persians to express* GREECE *generally. Sikander is, of course, Alexander the Great, of whose Ethics Jámi wrote, as Nizami of his Deeds.*

[2] *The Fabulous Mountain supposed by Asiatics to surround the World, binding the Horizon on all sides.*

The Wand of his Authority falls short,
And his Dominion crumbles at the Base.
For he, discerning not the Characters
Of Tyranny and Justice, confounds both,
Making the World a Desert, and the Fount
Of Justice a Serâb.[1] Well was it said,
"*Better just Káfir than Believing Tyrant.*"

---

(14) *God said to the Prophet David,—*
"*David, speak, and to the Challenge*
"*Answer of the Faith within Thee.*
"*Even Unbelieving Princes,*
"*Ill-reported if Unworthy,*
"*Yet, if They be Just and Righteous,*
"*Were their Worship of* THE FIRE—
"*Even These unto Themselves*
"*Reap Glory and redress the World.*"

[1] *Mirâge; but, of two Foreign Words, why not the more original Persian?—identical with the Hebrew Shárâb; as in Isaiah xxxv. 7, "The* Sháráb (*or* Mirâge) *shall become a Lake;"—rather, and better, than our Version, "The parched Ground shall become a Pool."* See *Gesenius.*

V.

ONE Night THE SHAH of Yúnan, as his wont, (15)
Consider'd of his Power, and told his State,
How great it was, and how about him sat
The Robe of Honour of Prosperity;
Then found he nothing wanted to his Heart,
Unless a Son, who his Dominion
And Glory might inherit after him.
And then he turn'd him to THE SAGE, and said;
"Oh Thou, whose Wisdom is the Rule of Kings—
"(Glory to God who gave it!)—answer me;
"Is any Blessing better than a Son?
"Man's prime Desire; by which his Name and He
"Shall live beyond Himself; by whom his Eyes
"Shine living, and his Dust with Roses blows;
"A Foot for Thee to stand on, he shall be
"A Hand to stop thy Falling; in his Youth
"Thou shalt be Young, and in his Strength be Strong;
"Sharp shall he be in Battle as a Sword,
"A Cloud of Arrows on the Enemy's Head;
"His Voice shall cheer his Friends to better Plight,
"And turn the Foeman's Glory into Flight."
Thus much of a Good Son, whose wholesome Growth (16)
Approves the Root he grew from; but for one

Kneaded of Evil—Well, could one undo
His Generation, and as early pull
Him and his Vices from the String of Time.
Like Noah's, puff'd with Ignorance and Pride,
Who felt the Stab of "HE IS NONE OF THINE!"
And perish'd in the Deluge.[1] And because
All are not Good, be slow to pray for One,
Whom having you may have to pray to lose.

---

(17) *Crazy for the Curse of Children,*
Ran before the Sheikh a Fellow,
Crying out, "Oh hear and help me!
"Pray to Allah from my Clay
"To raise me up a fresh young Cypress,
"Who my Childless Eyes may lighten

[1] *In the Kurán God engages to save Noah and his Family,—meaning all who believed in the Warning. One of Noah's Sons (Canaan or Yam, some think) would not believe. "And the Ark swam with them between waves like Mountains, and Noah called up to his Son, who was separated from him, saying, 'Embark with us, my Son, and stay not with the Unbelievers.' He answered, 'I will get on a Mountain which will secure me from the Water.' Noah replied, 'There is no security this Day from the Decree of God, except for him on whom he shall have Mercy.' And a Wave passed between them, and he became one of those who were drowned. And it was said, 'Oh Earth, swallow up thy waters, and Thou, oh Heaven, withhold thy Rain!' And immediately the Water abated and the Decree was fulfilled, and the Ark rested on the Mountain Al Judi, and it was said, 'Away with the ungodly People!'—Noah called upon his Lord and said, 'Oh Lord, verily my Son is of my Family, and thy Promise is True; for Thou art of those who exercise Judgment.' God answered, 'Oh Noah, verily he is not of thy Family; this intercession of thine for him is not a righteous work."*—Sale's Kurán, *vol. ii. p. 21.*

"With the Beauty of his Presence."
Said the Sheikh, "Be wise, and leave it
"Wholly in the Hand of Allah,
"Who, whatever we are after,
"Understands our Business best."
But the Man persisted, saying,
"Sheikh, I languish in my Longing;
"Help, and set my Prayer a-going!"
Then the Sheikh held up his Hand—
Pray'd—his Arrow flew to Heaven—
From the Hunting-ground of Darkness
Down a musky Fawn of China
Brought—a Boy—who, when the Tender
Shoot of Passion in him planted
Found sufficient Soil and Sap,
Took to Drinking with his Fellows;
From a Corner of the House-top
Ill affronts a Neighbour's Wife,
Draws his Dagger on the Husband,
Who complains before the Justice,
And the Father has to pay.
Day and Night the Youngster's Doings (18)
Such—the Talk of all the City;
Nor Entreaty, Threat, or Counsel
Held him; till the Desperate Father
Once more to the Sheikh a-running,

Catches at his Garment, crying—
"Sheikh, my only Hope and Helper!
"One more Prayer! that God who laid
"Will take that Trouble from my Head!"
But the Sheikh replied: "Remember
"How that very Day I warn'd you
"Better not importune Allah;
"Unto whom remains no other
"Prayer, unless to pray for Pardon.
"When from this World we are summon'd
"On to bind the pack of Travel
"Son or Daughter ill shall help us;
"Slaves we are, and unencumber'd
"Best may do the Master's mind;
"And, whatever he may order,
"Do it with a Will Resign'd."

VI.

WHEN the Sharp-witted SAGE (19)
Had heard these Sayings of THE SHAH, he said,
"Oh SHAH, who would not be the Slave of Lust
"Must still endure the Sorrow of no Son.
"—Lust that makes blind the Reason; Lust that makes
"A Devil's self seem Angel to our Eyes;
"A Cataract that, carrying havoc with it,
"Confounds the prosperous House; a Road of Mire
"Where whoso falls he rises not again;
"A Wine of which whoever tastes shall see
"Redemption's face no more—one little Sip
"Of that delicious and unlawful Drink
"Making crave much, and hanging round the Palate
"Till it become a Ring to lead thee by[1]
"(Putting the rope in a Vain Woman's hand),
"Till thou thyself go down the Way of Nothing."
"For what is Woman? A Foolish, Faithless Thing— (20)
"To whom The Wise Self-subjected, himself
"Deep sinks beneath the Folly he sets up.
"A very Káfir in Rapacity;
"Clothe her a hundred Years in Gold and Jewel,

[1] "Mihar."—*A Piece of Wood put through a Camel's Nose to guide him by.*

"Her Garment with Brocade of Susa braided,
"Her very Night-gear wrought in Cloth of Gold,
"Dangle her Ears with Ruby and with Pearl,
"Her House with Golden Vessels all a-blaze,
"Her Tables loaded with the Fruit of Kings,
"Ispahan Apples, Pomegranates of Yazd;
"And, be she thirsty, from a Jewell'd Cup
"Drinking the Water of the Well of Life—
"One little twist of Temper,—all you've done
"Goes all for Nothing. 'Torment of my life!'
"She cries, 'What have you ever done for me!'—
"Her Brow's white Tablet—Yes—'tis uninscrib'd
"With any Letter of Fidelity;
"Who ever read it there? Lo, in your Bosom
"She lies for Years—you turn away a moment,
"And she forgets you—worse, if as you turn
"Her Eye should light on any Younger Lover."

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(21) *Once upon the Throne of Judgment,*
Telling one another Secrets,
Sat SULAYMAN *and* BALKÍS;[1]
The Hearts of Both were turn'd to Truth,
Unsullied by Deception.
First the King of Faith SULAYMAN

[1] *Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.*

Spoke—"Though mine the Ring of Empire,
"Never any Day that passes
"Darkens any one my Door-way
"But into his Hand I look—
"And He who comes not empty-handed
"Grows to Honour in mine Eyes."
After this BALKÍS *a Secret*
From her hidden Bosom utter'd,
Saying—"Never Night or Morning
"Comely Youth before me passes
"Whom I look not longing after;
"Saying to myself, 'Oh were he
" 'Comforting of my Sick Soul!—' "

"If this, as wise Ferdúsi says, the Curse
"Of Better Women, what should be the Worse?"

VII.

(22) THE SAGE his Satire ended; and THE SHAH
With Magic-mighty WISDOM his pure WILL
Leaguing, its Self-fulfilment wrought from Heaven.
And Lo! from Darkness came to Light A CHILD,
Of Carnal Composition Unattaint,—
A Rosebud blowing on the Royal Stem,—
A Perfume from the Realm of Wisdom wafted;
The Crowning Jewel of the Crown; a Star
Under whose Augury triumph'd the Throne.
For whose Auspicious Name they clove the Words
"SALÁMAT"—Incolumity from Evil—
And "AUSEMÁN"—the Heav'n from which he came—
And hail'd him by the title of SALÁMÁN.
And whereas from no Mother Milk he drew,
They chose for him a Nurse—her name ABSÁL—
Her years not Twenty—from the Silver Line
Dividing the Musk-Harvest of her Hair
Down to her Foot that trampled Crowns of Kings,
(23) A Moon of Beauty Full; who thus elect
SALÁMÁN of Auspicious Augury
Should carry in the Garment of her Bounty,
Should feed Him with the Flowing of her Breast.
As soon as she had opened Eyes on him

She closed those Eyes to all the World beside,
And her Soul crazed, a-doting on her Jewel,—
Her Jewel in a Golden Cradle set;
Opening and shutting which her Day's Delight,
To gaze upon his Heart-inflaming Cheek,—
Upon the Darling whom, could she, she would
Have cradled as the Baby of her Eye.[1]
In Rose and Musk she wash'd him—to his Lips
Press'd the pure Sugar from the Honeycomb;
And when, Day over, she withdrew her Milk,
She made, and having laid him in, his Bed,
Burn'd all Night like a Taper o'er his Head.

Then still as Morning came, and as he grew,
She dress'd him like a Little Idol up;
On with his Robe—with fresh Collyrium Dew
Touch'd his Narcissus Eyes—the Musky Locks
Divided from his Forehead—and embraced (24)
With Gold and Ruby Girdle his fine Waist.—

So rear'd she him till full Fourteen his Years,
Fourteen-day full the Beauty of his Face,
That rode high in a Hundred Thousand Hearts;
Yea, when SALÁMÁN was but Half-lance high,
Lance-like he struck a wound in every One,
And burn'd and shook down Splendour like a Sun.

[1] *Literally,* Mardumak—*the* Mannikin, *or* Pupil, *of the Eye, corresponding to the Image so frequently used by our old Poets.*

VIII.

(25) SOON as the Lord of Heav'n had sprung his Horse
Over the Horizon into the Blue Field,
SALÁMÁN rose drunk with the Wine of Sleep,
And set himself a-stirrup for the Field;
He and a Troop of Princes—Kings in Blood,
Kings too in the Kingdom-troubling Tribe of Beauty,
All Young in Years and Courage,[1] Bat in hand
Gallop'd a-field, toss'd down the Golden Ball
And chased, so many Crescent Moons a Full;
And, all alike Intent upon the Game,
SALÁMÁN still would carry from them all
The Prize, and shouting "Há!" drive Home the Ball.[2]

(26) This done, SALÁMÁN bent him as a Bow
To Shooting—from the Marksmen of the World
Call'd for an unstrung Bow—himself the Cord
Fitted unhelpt,[3] and nimbly with his hand

[1] *The same Persian Word serving for Both.*
[2] *The Game of Chúgán, for Centuries the Royal Game of Persia, and adopted (Ouseley thinks) under varying modifications of Name and Practice by other Nations, was played by Horsemen, who, suitably habited, and armed with semicircular-headed Bats or Sticks so short the Player must stoop below the Saddle-bow to strike, strove to drive a Ball through a Goal of Upright Pillars.* See *Frontispiece and Appendix.*
[3] *Bows being so gradually stiffened, to the Age and Strength of the Archer, as at last to need five Hundredweight of Pressure to bend, says an old Translation of Chardin, who describes all the Process up*

Twanging made cry, and drew it to his Ear:
Then, fixing the Three-feather'd Fowl, discharged.
No point in Heaven's Azure but his Arrow
Hit; nay, but Heaven were made of Adamant,
Would overtake the Horizon as it roll'd;
And, whether aiming at the Fawn a-foot,
Or Bird on wing, his Arrow went away
Straight—like the Soul that cannot go astray.

When Night came, that releases Man from Toil,
He play'd the Chess of Social Intercourse;
Prepared his Banquet Hall like Paradise,
Summon'd his Houri-faced Musicians,
And, when his Brain grew warm with Wine, the Veil
Flung off him of Reserve. Now Lip to Lip
Concerting with the Singer he would breathe
Like a Messias Life into the Dead; (27)
Now made of the Melodious-moving Pipe
A Sugar-cane between his Lips that ran
Men's Ears with Sweetness: Taking up a Harp,
Between its dry String and his Finger fresh
Struck Fire; or lifting in his arms a Lute
As if a little Child for Chastisement,
Pinching its Ear such Cries of Sorrow wrung

to bringing up the String to the Ear, "as if to hang it there" *before Shooting. Then the First Trial was, who could shoot highest; then, the Mark, &c.*

As drew Blood to the Eyes of Older Men.
Now sang He like the Nightingale alone,
Now set together Voice and Instrument;
And thus with his Associates Night he spent.

His Soul rejoiced in Knowledge of all kinds;
The fine Edge of his Wit would split a Hair,
And in the Noose of Apprehension catch
A Meaning ere articulate in Word;
His Verse was like the PLEIADS;[1] his Discourse
The MOURNERS OF THE BIER; his Penmanship,
(Tablet and running Reed his Worshippers,)
(28) Fine on the Lip of Youth as the First Hair,
Drove Penmen, as that Lovers, to Despair.

His Bounty was as Ocean's—nay, the Sea's
Self but the Foam of his Munificence,
For it threw up the Shell, but he the Pearl;
He was a Cloud that rain'd upon the World
Dirhems for Drops; the Banquet of whose Bounty
Left Hátim's[2] Churlish in Comparison——

[1] *i. e. compactly strung, as opposed to Discursive Rhetoric, which is compared to the scattered Stars of* THE BIER AND ITS MOURNERS, *or what we call* THE GREAT BEAR. *This contrast is otherwise prettily applied in the Anvari Soheili—"When one grows poor, his Friends, heretofore compact as* THE PLEIADS, *disperse wide asunder as* THE MOURNERS."

[2] *The Persian Type of Liberality, infinitely celebrated.*

IX.

SUDDENLY that Sweet Minister of mine (29)
Rebuked me angrily; "What Folly, Jámi,
"Wearing that indefatigable Pen
"In celebration of an Alien SHAH
"Whose Throne, not grounded in the Eternal World,
"YESTERDAY was, TO-DAY is not!" [1] I answer'd;
"Oh Fount of Light!—under an Alien Name
"I shadow One upon whose Head the Crown
"Both WAS and IS TO-DAY; to whose Firmán
"The Seven Kingdoms of the World are subject,
"And the Seas Seven but droppings of his Largess.
"Good luck to him who under other Name
"Taught us to veil the Praises of a Power
"To which the Initiate scarce find open Door."

Sat a Lover solitary (30)
Self-discoursing in a Corner,
Passionate and ever-changing
Invocation pouring out;
Sometimes Sun and Moon; and sometimes

[1] *The Hero of the Story being of* YÚNAN—IONIA, *or* GREECE *generally, (the Persian Geography not being very precise,)—and so not of* THE FAITH.

Under Hyacinth half-hidden
Roses; or the lofty Cypress,
And the little Weed below.
Nightingaling thus a Noodle
Heard him, and, completely puzzled,—
"What!" quoth he, "And you, a Lover,
"Raving not about your Mistress,
"But about the Moon and Roses!"
Answer'd he; "Oh thou that aimest
"Wide of Love, and Lover's Language
"Wholly misinterpreting;
"Sun and Moon are but my Lady's
"Self, as any Lover knows;
"Hyacinth I said, and meant her
"Hair—her Cheek was in the Rose—
"And I myself the wretched Weed
"That in her Cypress Shadow grows."

X.

Now was SALÁMÁN in his Prime of Growth, (31)
His Cypress Stature risen to high Top,
And the new-blooming Garden of his Beauty
Began to bear; and Absál long'd to gather;
But the Fruit grew upon too high a Bough,
To which the Noose of her Desire was short.
She too rejoiced in Beauty of her own
No whit behind SALÁMÁN, whom she now
Began enticing with her Sorcery.
Now from her Hair would twine a musky Chain,
To bind his Heart—now twist it into Curls
Nestling innumerable Temptations;
Doubled the Darkness of her Eyes with Surma
To make him lose his way, and over them
Adorn'd the Bows [1] that were to shoot him then;
Now to the Rose-leaf of her Cheek would add
Fresh Rose, and then a Grain of Musk [2] lay there, (32)
The Bird of the Belovéd Heart to snare.
Now with a Laugh would break the Ruby Seal
That lockt up Pearl; or busied in the Room
Would smite her Hand perhaps—on that pretence

[1] *With dark Indigo Paint, as the Archery Bow with a thin Papyrus-like Bark.*
[2] *A Patch, sc.*—"Noir comme le Musc." *De Sacy.*

To lift and show the Silver in her Sleeve;
Or hastily rising clash her Golden Anclets
To draw the Crownéd Head under her Feet.
Thus by innumerable Bridal wiles
She went about soliciting his Eyes,
Which she would scarce let lose her for a Moment;
For well she knew that mainly by THE EYE
Love makes his Sign, and by no other Road
Enters and takes possession of the Heart.

---

(88) *Burning with Desire* ZULAIKHA
Built a Chamber, Wall and Ceiling
Blank as an untarnisht Mirror,
Spotless as the Heart of YÚSUF.
Then she made a cunning Painter
Multiply her Image round it;
Not an Inch of Wall but echoed
With the Reflex of her Beauty.
Then amid them all in all her
Glory sat she down, and sent for
YÚSUF—*she began a Tale*
Of Love—and Lifted up her Veil.
From her Look he turn'd, but turning
Wheresoever, ever saw her
Looking, looking at him still.

Then Desire arose within him—
He was almost yielding—almost
Laying Honey on her Lip—
When a Signal out of Darkness
Spoke to him—and he withdrew
His Hand, and dropt the Skirt of Fortune.

XI.

(34) THUS day by day did ABSÁL tempt SALÁMÁN,
And by and bye her Wiles began to work.
Her Eyes Narcissus stole his Sleep—their Lashes
Pierc'd to his Heart—out from her Locks a Snake
Bit him—and bitter, bitter on his Tongue
Became the Memory of her honey Lip.
He saw the Ringlet restless on her Cheek,
And he too quiver'd with Desire; his Tears
Turn'd Crimson from her Cheek, whose musky spot
Infected all his soul with Melancholy.
Love drew him from behind the Veil, where yet
Withheld him better Resolution —
"Oh, should the Food I long for, tasted, turn
"Unwholesome, and if all my Life to come
"Should sicken from one momentary Sweet!"

---

(35) *On the Sea-shore sat a Raven,*
Blind, and from the bitter Cistern
Forc'd his only Drink to draw.
Suddenly the Pelican
Flying over, Fortune's Shadow

Cast upon his Head,[1] *and calling—*
"Come, poor Son of Salt, and taste of
"Sweet, sweet Water from my Maw."
Said the Raven, "If I taste it
"Once, the Salt I have to live on
"May for ever turn to Loathing;
"And I sit a Bird accurst
"Upon the Shore to die of Thirst."

[1] *Alluding to the Phœnix, the Shadow of whose wings foretold a Crown upon the Head it passed over.*

XII.

(36) Now when SALÁMÁN's Heart turn'd to ABSÁL,
Her Star was happy in the Heavens—Old Love
Put forth afresh—Desire doubled his Bond:
And of the running Time she watch'd an Hour
To creep into the Mansion of her Moon
And satiate her soul upon his Lips.
And the Hour came; she stole into his Chamber—
Ran up to him, Life's offer in her Hand—
And, falling like a Shadow at his Feet,
She laid her Face beneath. SALÁMÁN then
With all the Courtesies of Princely Grace
Put forth his Hand—he rais'd her in his Arms—
He held her trembling there—and from that Fount
Drew first Desire; then Deeper from her Lips,
That, yielding, mutually drew from his
A Wine that ever drawn from never fail'd—

So through the Day—so through another still—
The Day became a Seventh—the Seventh a Moon—
The Moon a Year—while they rejoiced together,
Thinking their Pleasure never was to end.
(37) But rolling Heaven whisper'd from his Ambush,
"So in my License is it not set down.

"Ah for the sweet Societies I make
"At Morning and before the Nightfall break;
"Ah for the Bliss that with the Setting Sun
"I mix, and, with his Rising, all is done!"

Into Bagdad came a hungry
Arab—after many days of waiting
In to the Khalífah's Supper
Push'd, and got before a Pasty
Luscious as the Lip of Beauty,
Or the Tongue of Eloquence.
Soon as seen, Indecent Hunger
Seizes up and swallows down:
Then his mouth undaunted wiping—
"Oh Khalífah, hear me Swear,
"Not of any other Pasty
"Than of Thine to sup or dine."
The Khalífah laugh'd and answer'd,
"Fool! who thinkest to determine
"What is in the Hands of Fate—
"Take and thrust him from the Gate!"

XIII.

(88) WHILE a Full Year was counted by the Moon,
SALÁMÁN and ABSÁL rejoiced together,
And for so long he stood not in the face
Of SAGE or SHAH, and their bereavéd Hearts
Were torn in twain with the Desire of Him.
They question'd those about him, and from them
Heard something; then Himself in Presence summon'd,
And, subtly sifting on all sides, so plied
Interrogation till it hit the Mark,
And all the Truth was told. Then SAGE and SHAH
Struck out with Hand and Foot in his Redress.
And First with REASON, which is also Best;
REASON that rights the Retrograde—completes
The Imperfect—REASON that unties the Knot:
For REASON is the Fountain from of old
From which the Prophets drew, and none beside.
Who boasts of other Inspiration lies—
There are no other Prophets than THE WISE.

XIV.

FIRST spoke THE SHAH;—"SALÁMÁN, Oh my Soul, (39)
"Oh Taper of the Banquet of my House,
"Light of the Eyes of my Prosperity,
"And making bloom the Court of Hope with Rose;
"Years Rose-bud-like my own Blood I devour'd
"Till in my hand I carried thee, my Rose;
"Oh do not tear my Garment from my Hand,
"Nor wound thy Father with a Dagger Thorn.
"Years for thy sake the Crown has worn my Brow,
"And Years my Foot been growing to the Throne
"Only for Thee—Oh spurn them not with Thine;
"Oh turn thy Face from Dalliance unwise,
"Lay not thy Heart's hand on a Minion!
"For what thy Proper Pastime? Is it not
"To mount and manage RAKHSH [1] along the Field;
"Not, with no stouter weapon than a Love-lock,
"Idly reclining on a Silver Breast.
"Go, fly thine Arrow at the Antelope
"And Lion—let not me my Lion see (40)
"Slain by the Arrow eyes of a Ghazál.
"Go, flash thy Steel among the Ranks of Men,

[1] "LIGHTNING." *The Name of* RUSTAM'S *famous Horse in the* SHAH-NAMEH.

"And smite the Warriors' Necks; not, flying them,
"Lay down thine own beneath a Woman's Foot.
"Leave off such doing in the Name of God,
"Nor bring thy Father weeping to the Ground;
"Years have I held myself aloft, and àll
"For Thee—Oh Shame if thou prepare my Fall!"

When before SHIRÚEH'S *Feet*
Drencht in Blood fell KAI KHUSRAU,[1]
He declared this Parable—
"*Wretch!—There was a Branch that, waxing*
"*Wanton o'er the Root he drank from,*
"*At a Draught the Living Water*
"*Drain'd wherewith Himself to crown;*
"*Died the Root—and with it died*
"*The Branch—and barren was brought down!*"

[1] KHUSRAU PARVÍZ *(Chosroe The Victorious), Son of* NOSHÍRAVAN *The Great; slain, after Thirty Years of Prosperous Reign, by his Son* SHIRÚEH, *who, according to some, was in Love with his Father's Mistress* SHÍRÍN. *See further, Section xxi., for one of the most dramatic Tragedies in Persian History.*

XV.

SALÁMÁN heard—the Sea of his Soul was mov'd, (41)
And bubbled up with Jewels, and he said;
"Oh SHAH, I am the Slave of thy Desire,
"Dust of thy Throne-ascending Foot am I;
"Whatever thou Desirest I would do,
"But sicken of my own Incompetence;
"Not in the Hand of my infirmer Will
"To carry into Deed mine own Desire.
"Time upon Time I torture mine own Soul,
"Devising liberation from the Snare
"I languish in. But when upon that Moon
"*I think*, my Soul relapses—and when *look*—
"I leave both Worlds behind to follow her!"

XVI.

(42) THE SHAH ceased Counsel, and THE SAGE began.
"Oh Thou new Vintage of a Garden old,
"Last Blazon of the Pen of 'LET THERE BE,' [1]
"Who read'st the SEVEN AND FOUR; [2] interpretest
"The writing on the Leaves of Night and Day—
"Archetype of the Assembly of the World,
"Who hold'st the Key of Adam's Treasury—
"(Know thine own Dignity and slight it not,
"For Thou art Greater yet than all I tell)—
"The Mighty Hand that mix'd thy Dust inscribed
"The Character of Wisdom on thy Heart;
"Oh Cleanse thy Bosom of Material Form,
"And turn the Mirror of the Soul to SPIRIT,
"Until it be with SPIRIT all possest,
"Drown'd in the Light of Intellectual Truth.
"Oh veil thine Eyes from Mortal Paramour,
"And follow not her Step!—For what is She?—
(43) "What is She but a Vice and a Reproach,
"Her very Garment-hem Pollution!
"For such Pollution madden not thine Eyes,

[1] *The Pen of "Kún"—"Esto!"—The famous Passage of Creation stolen from Genesis by the Kurán.*
[2] *Planets?—adding Sun, Moon, and the Nodal Dragon's Head and Tail; according to the Sanscrit Astronomy adopted by Persia.*

"Waste not thy Body's Strength, nor taint thy Soul,
"Nor set the Body and the Soul in Strife!
"Supreme is thine Original Degree,
"Thy Star upon the Top of Heaven; but Lust
"Will fling it down even unto the Dust!"

Quoth a Muezzin unto Crested
Chanticleer—"Oh Voice of Morning,
"Not a Sage of all the Sages
"Prophesies of Dawn, or startles
"At the wing of Time, like Thee.
"One so wise methinks were fitter
"Perching on the Beams of Heaven,
"Than with these poor Hens about him,
"Raking in a Heap of Dung."
"And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven
"One I was; but by my Evil
"Lust am fallen down to raking
"With my wretched Hens about me
"On the Dunghill. Otherwise
"I were even now in Eden
"With the Bird of Paradise."

XVII.

(44) WHEN from THE SAGE these words SALÁMÁN heard,
The breath of Wisdom round his Palate blew;
He said—"Oh Darling of the Soul of Plato,
"To whom a hundred Aristotles bow;
"Oh Thou that an Eleventh to the Ten
"Original INTELLIGENCES addest,[1]—
"I lay my Face before Thee in the Dust,
"The humblest Scholar of thy Court am I;
"Whose every word I find a Well of Wisdom,
"And hasten to imbibe it in my Soul.
"But clear unto thy clearest Eye it is,
"That Choice is not within Oneself—To Do,
"Not in THE WILL, but in THE POWER, to Do.
"From that which I originally am
"How should I swerve? or how put forth a Sign
"Beyond the Power that is by Nature Mine?"

[1] *This passage finds its explanation in the last Section.*

XVIII.

UNTO the Soul that is confused by Love (45)
Comes Sorrow after Sorrow—most of all
To Love whose only Friendship is Reproof,
And overmuch of Counsel—whereby Love
Grows stubborn, and increases the Disease.
Love unreproved is a delicious food;
Reproved, is Feeding on one's own Heart's Blood.

SALÁMÁN heard; his Soul came to his Lips;
Reproaches struck not ABSÁL out of him,
But drove Confusion in; bitter became
The Drinking of the sweet Draught of Delight,
And wan'd the Splendour of his Moon of Beauty.
His Breath was Indignation, and his Heart
Bled from the Arrow, and his Anguish grew—
How bear it?—Able to endure one wound,
From Wound on Wound no remedy but Flight;
Day after Day, Design upon Design,
He turn'd the Matter over in his Heart,
And, after all, no Remedy but Flight.
Resolv'd on that, he victuall'd and equipp'd (46)
A Camel, and one Night he led it forth,
And mounted—he and ABSÁL at his side,

The fair SALÁMÁN and ABSÁL the Fair,
Together on one Camel side by side,
Twin Kernels in a single Almond packt.
And True Love murmurs not, however small
His Chamber—nay, the straitest best of all.

When the Moon of Canaan YÚSUF
Darken'd in the Prison of Ægypt,
Night by Night ZULAIKHA *went*
To see him—for her Heart was broken,
Then to her said One who never
Yet had tasted of Love's Garden:
"Leavest Thou thy Palace-Chamber
"For the Felon's narrow Cell?"
Answer'd She, "Without my Lover,
"Were my Chamber Heaven's Horizon,
"It were closer than an Ant's eye;
"And the Ant's eye wider were
"Than Heaven, my Lover with me there!"

XIX.

Six days SALÁMÁN on the Camel rode, (47)
And then Remembrance of foregone Reproach
Abode not by him; and upon the Seventh
He halted on the Seashore, and beheld
An Ocean boundless as the Heaven above,
That, reaching its Circumference from Káf
To Káf, down to the Back of GAU and MAHI [1]
Descended, and its Stars were Creatures' Eyes.
The Face of it was as it were a Range
Of moving Mountains; or as endless Hosts
Of Camels trooping from all Quarters up,
Furious, with the Foam upon their Lips.
In it innumerable glittering Fish
Like Jewels polish-sharp, to the sharp Eye
But for an Instant visible, glancing through
As Silver Scissors slice a blue Brocade;
Though were the Dragon from its Hollow roused, (48)
THE DRAGON of the Stars [2] would stare Aghast.

[1] *The Bull and Fish—the lowest Substantial Base of Earth. "He first made the Mountains; then cleared the Face of Earth from Sea; then fixed it fast on Gau; Gau on Mahi; and Mahi on Air; and Air on what? on* NOTHING; *Nothing upon Nothing, all is Nothing—Enough." Attar; quoted in De Sacy's Pendnamah, xxxv.*

[2] *The Sidereal Dragon, whose Head, according to the Paurânic (or Poetic) Astronomers of The East, devoured the Sun and Moon in Eclipse. "But we know," said Ramachandra to Sir W. Jones, "that*

SALÁMÁN eyed the Sea, and cast about
To cross it—and forthwith upon the Shore
Devis'd a Shallop like a Crescent Moon,
Wherein that Sun and Moon in happy Hour
Enter'd as into some Celestial Sign;
That, figured like a Bow, but Arrow-like
In Flight, was feather'd with a little Sail,
And, pitcht upon the Water like a Duck,
So with her Bosom sped to her Desire.

When they had sail'd their Vessel for a Moon,
And marr'd their Beauty with the wind o' th' Sea,
Suddenly in mid Sea reveal'd itself
An Isle, beyond Description beautiful;
An Isle that all was Garden; not a Bird
Of Note or Plume in all the World but there;
There as in Bridal Retinue array'd
The Pheasant in his Crown, the Dove in her Collar;
(49) And those who tuned their Bills among the Trees
That Arm in Arm from Fingers paralyz'd
With any Breath of Air Fruit moist and dry
Down scatter'd in Profusion to their Feet,
Where Fountains of Sweet Water ran, and round
Sunshine and Shadow chequer-chased the Ground.

the supposed Head and Tail of the Dragon mean only the Nodes, *or Points formed by Intersections of the Ecliptic and the Moon's Orbit." Sir W. Jones' Works, vol. iv. p. 74.*

Here Iram Garden seem'd in Secresy
Blowing the Rosebud of its Revelation;
Or Paradise, forgetful of the Day
Of Audit, lifted from her Face the Veil.

SALÁMÁN saw the Isle, and thought no more
Of Further—there with ABSÁL he sat down,
ABSÁL and He together side by side
Rejoicing like the Lily and the Rose,
Together like the Body and the Soul.
Under its Trees in one another's Arms
They slept—they drank its Fountains hand in hand—
Sought Sugar with the Parrot—or in Sport
Paraded with the Peacock—raced the Partridge—
Or fell a-talking with the Nightingale.
There was the Rose without a Thorn, and there
The Treasure and no Serpent to beware—
What sweeter than your Mistress at your side
In such a Solitude, and none to Chide!

Whisper'd one to WÁMIK[1]—"*Oh Thou* (50)
"*Victim of the Wound of* AZRA,
"*What is it that like a Shadow*
"*Movest thou about in Silence*

[1] *Another Typical* LOVER *of* AZRA, A VIRGIN.

"Meditating Night and Day?"
WÁMIK *answer'd, "Even this—*
"To fly with AZRA *to the Desert;*
"There by so remote a Fountain
"That, whichever way one travell'd
"League on League, one yet should never,
"Never meet the Face of Man—
"There to pitch my Tent—for ever
"There to gaze on my Belovéd;
"Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
"Grew to BEING *Her I gaze on,*
*"*SHE *and* I *no more, but in One*
"Undivided Being blended.
"All that is not ONE *must ever*
"Suffer with the Wound of Absence;
"And whoever in Love's City
"Enters, finds but Room for ONE,
"And but in ONENESS *Union."*

XX.

WHEN by and bye THE SHAH was made aware (51)
Of that Soul-wasting absence of his Son,
He reach'd a Cry to Heav'n—his Eye-lashes
Wept Blood—Search everywhere he set a-foot,
But none could tell the hidden Mystery.
Then bade he bring a Mirror that he had,
A Mirror, like the Bosom of the Wise,
Reflecting all the World,[1] and lifting up
The Veil from all its Secret, Good and Evil.
That Mirror bade he bring, and, in its Face
Looking, beheld the Face of his Desire.
He saw those Lovers in the Solitude, (52)
Turn'd from the World, and all its ways, and People,
And looking only in each other's Eyes,
And never finding any Sorrow there.
THE SHAH beheld them as they were, and Pity

[1] *Mythically attributed by the East—and in some wild Western Avatar—to this Shah's Predecessor, Alexander the Great. Perhaps (V. Hammer thinks) the Concave Mirror upon the Alexandrian Pharos, which by Night projected such a fiery Eye over the Deep as not only was fabled to exchange Glances with that on the Rhodian Colossus, and in Oriental Imagination and Language to penetrate* "THE WORLD," *but by Day to Reflect it to him who looked therein with Eyes to see. The Cup of their own* JAMSHÍD *had, whether Full or Empty, the same Property. And that Silver Cup found in Benjamin's Sack —"Is not this it in which my Lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he* Divineth?"—*Gen. xliv. 5. Our Reflecting Telescope is going some way to realise the Alexandrian Fable.*

Fell on his Eyes, and he reproach'd them not;
And, gathering all their Life into his hand,
Not a Thread lost, disposed in Order all.
Oh for the Noble Nature, and Clear Heart,
That, seeing Two who draw one Breath, together
Drinking the Cup of Happiness and Tears [1]
Unshatter'd by the Stone of Separation,
Is loath their sweet Communion to destroy,
Or cast a Tangle in the Skein of Joy.

The Arrows that assail the Lords of Sorrow
Come from the Hand of Retribution.
Do Well, that in thy Turn Well may betide Thee;
And turn from Ill, that Ill may turn beside Thee.

---

(53) FIRHÁD, *Moulder of the Mountain,*
Love-distracted look'd to SHÍRÍN,
And SHÍRÍN *the Sculptor's Passion*
Saw, and turn'd her Heart to Him.

Then the Fire of Jealous Frenzy
Caught and carried up the Harvest
Of the Might of KAI KHUSRAU.

[1] Κρατηρα μακρον ήδονης καὶ δακρυων
Κιρνωντες εξεπινον αχρις ες μεθην.

Plotting with that ancient Hag
Of Fate, the Sculptor's Cup he poison'd,
And remained the Lord of Love.

So—But Fate that Fate avenges
Arms SHIRÚEH *with the Dagger,*
That at once from SHÍRÍN *tore him,*
Hurl'd him from the Throne of Glory.[1]

[1] *One Story is that Khusrau had promised if Firhád cut through a Mountain, and brought a Stream through, Shírín should be his. Firhád was on the point of achieving his Work, when Khusrau sent an old Woman (here, perhaps, purposely confounded with Fate) to tell him Shírín was dead; whereon Firhád threw himself headlong from the Rock. The Sculpture at Beysitún (or Besitún), where Rawlinson has decyphered Darius and Xerxes, was traditionally called Firhád's.*

XXI.

(54) BUT as the days went on, and still THE SHAH
Beheld SALÁMÁN how sunk in ABSÁL,
And yet no Hand of better Effort lifted;
But still the Crown that should adorn his Head,
And still the Throne that waited for his Foot,
Trampled from Memory by a Base Desire,
Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied—
Then from the Sorrow of THE SHAH fell Fire;
To Gracelessness Ungracious he became,
And, quite to shatter his rebellious Lust,
Upon SALÁMÁN all his WILL discharged.[1]
And Lo! SALÁMÁN to his Mistress turn'd,
But could not reach her—look'd and look'd again,
And palpitated tow'rd her—but in Vain!
Oh Misery! what to the Bankrupt worse
Than Gold he cannot reach! To one Athirst
Than Fountain to the Eye and Lip forbid!—
Or than Heaven opened to the Eyes in Hell!—
(55) Yet, when SALÁMÁN's Anguish was extreme,
The Door of Mercy open'd in his Face;
He saw and knew his Father's Hand outstretcht

[1] *He Mesmerizes Him!—See also further on this Power of the* WILL *in Sections xxiii. and xxxi.*

To lift him from Perdition—timidly,
Timidly tow'rd his Father's Face his own
He lifted, Pardon-pleading, Crime-confest,
As the stray Bird one day will find her Nest.

A Disciple ask'd a Master,
"By what Token should a Father
"Vouch for his reputed Son?"
Said the Master, "By the Stripling,
"Howsoever Late or Early,
"Like to the reputed Father
"Growing—whether Wise or Foolish."

"Lo the disregarded Darnel
"With itself adorns the Wheat-field,
"And for all the Early Season
"Satisfies the Farmer's Eye;
"But come once the Hour of Harvest,
"And another Grain shall answer,
" 'Darnel and no Wheat, am I.' "

XXII.

(56) WHEN THE SHAH saw SALÁMÁN'S face again,
And breath'd the Breath of Reconciliation,
He laid the Hand of Love upon his Shoulder,
The Kiss of Welcome on his Cheek, and said,
"Oh Thou, who lost, Love's Banquet lost its Salt,
"And Mankind's Eye its Pupil!—Thy Return
"Is as another Sun to Heaven; a new
"Rose blooming in the Garden of the Soul.
"Arise, oh Moon of Majesty unwaned!
"The Court of the Horizon is thy Court,
"Thy Kingdom is the Kingdom of the World!—
"Lo! Throne and Crown await Thee—Throne and Crown
"Without thy Impress but uncurrent Gold,
"Not to be stamp'd by one not worthy Them;
"Behold! The Rebel's Face is at thy Door;
"Let him not triumph—let the Wicked dread
"The Throne under thy Feet, the Crown upon thy Head.
"Oh Spurn them not behind Thee! Oh my Son,
(57) "Wipe Thou the Woman's Henna from thy Hand:
"Withdraw Thee from the Minion who from Thee
"Dominion draws;[1] the Time is come to choose,
"Thy Mistress or the World to hold or lose."

[1] "Sháh" *and* "Sháhíd" *(Mistress)—a sort of Punning the Persian Poets are fond of.*

Four are the Signs of Kingly Aptitude;
Wise Head—clean Heart—strong Arm—and open Hand.
Wise is He not—Continent cannot be—
Who binds himself to an unworthy Lust;
Nor Valiant, who submits to a weak Woman;
Nor Liberal, who cannot draw his Hand
From that in which so basely he is busied.
And of these Four who misses All or One
Is not the Bridegroom of Dominion.

XXIII.

(58) AH the poor Lover!—In the changing Hands
Of Day and Night no wretcheder than He!
No Arrow from the Bow of Evil Fate
But reaches him—one Dagger at his Throat,
Another comes to wound him from behind.
Wounded by Love—then wounded by Reproof
Of Loving—and, scarce stauncht the Blood of Shame
By flying from his Love—then, worst of all,
Love's back-blow of Revenge for having fled!

SALÁMÁN heard—he rent the Robe of Peace—
He came to loathe his Life, and long for Death,
(For better Death itself than Life in Death)—
He turn'd his Face with ABSÁL to the Desert—
Enter'd the deadly Plain; Branch upon Branch
Cut down, and gather'd in a lofty Pile,
And fired. They look'd upon the Flames, those Two—
They look'd, and they rejoiced; and hand in hand
(59) They sprang into the Fire. THE SHAH who saw,
In secret all had order'd; and the Flame,
Directed by his Self-fulfilling WILL,
Devouring utterly ABSÁL, pass'd by
SALÁMÁN harmless—the pure Gold return'd
Entire, but all the baser Metal burn'd.

XXIV.

HEAVEN'S Dome is but a wondrous House of Sorrow, (60)
And Happiness therein a lying Fable.
When first they mix'd the Clay of Man, and cloth'd
His Spirit in the Robe of Perfect Beauty,
For Forty Mornings did an Evil Cloud
Rain Sorrows over him from Head to Foot;
And when the Forty Mornings pass'd to Night,
Then came one Morning-Shower—one Morning-Shower
Of Joy—to Forty of the Rain of Sorrow!—
And though the better Fortune came at last
To seal the Work, yet every Wise Man knows
Such Consummation never can be here!

SALÁMÁN fired the Pile; and in the Flame
That, passing him, consumed ABSÁL like Straw,
Died his Divided Self, and there survived
His Individual; and, like a Body
From which the Soul is parted, all alone.
Then rose his Cry to Heaven—his Eyelashes
Dropt Blood—his Sighs stood like a Smoke in Heaven,
And Morning rent her Garment at his Anguish.[1] (61)

[1] *"When the Cloud of Spring beheld the Evil Disposition of Time,*
"Its Weeping fell upon the Jessamine and Hyacinth and Wild Rose."
—Hafiz.

He tore his Bosom with his Nails—he smote
Stone on his Bosom—looking then on hands
No longer lockt in hers, and lost their Jewel,
He tore them with his Teeth. And when came Night,
He hid him in some Corner of the House,
And communed with the Fantom of his Love.
"Oh Thou whose Presence so long sooth'd my Soul,
"Now burnt with thy Remembrance! Oh so long
"The Light that fed these Eyes now dark with Tears!
"Oh Long, Long Home of Love now lost for Ever!
"We were Together—that was all Enough—
"We Two rejoicing in each other's Eyes,
"Infinitely rejoicing—all the World
"Nothing to Us, nor We to all the World—
"No Road to reach us, nor an Eye to watch—
"All Day we whisper'd in each other's Ears,
"All Night we slept in one another's Arms—
"All seem'd to our Desire, as if the Hand
"Of unjust Fortune were for once too short.
"Oh would to God that when I lit the Pyre
(62) "The Flame had left Thee Living and me Dead,
"Not Living worse than Dead, depriv'd of Thee!
"Oh were I but with Thee!—at any Cost
"Stript of this terrible Self-solitude!
"Oh but with Thee Annihilation—lost,
"Or in Eternal Intercourse renew'd!"

Slumber-drunk an Arab in the
Desert off his Camel tumbled,
Who the lighter of her Burden
Ran upon her road rejoicing.
When the Arab woke at morning,
Rubb'd his Eyes and look'd about him—
"Oh my Camel! Oh my Camel!"
Quoth he, "Camel of my Soul!—
"That Lost with Her I lost might be,
"Or found, She might be found with Me!"

XXV.

(63) WHEN in this Plight THE SHAH SALÁMÁN saw,
His Soul was struck with Anguish, and the Vein
Of Life within was strangled—what to do
He knew not. Then he turn'd him to THE SAGE—
"Oh Altar of the World, to whom Mankind
"Directs the Face of Prayer in Weal or Woe,
"Nothing but Wisdom can untie the Knot;
"And art not Thou the Wisdom of the World,
"The Master-Key of all its Difficulties?
"ABSÁL is perisht; and, because of Her,
"SALÁMÁN dedicates his Life to Sorrow;
"I cannot bring back Her, nor comfort Him.
"Lo, I have said! My Sorrow is before Thee;
"From thy far-reaching Wisdom help Thou Me
"Fast in the Hand of Sorrow! Help Thou Me,
"For I am very wretched!" Then THE SAGE—
"Oh Thou that err'st not from the Road of Right,
"If but SALÁMÁN have not broke my Bond,
"Nor lies beyond the Noose of my Firmán,
"He quickly shall unload his Heart to me,
"And I will find a Remedy for all."

XXVI.

THEN THE SAGE counsell'd, and SALÁMÁN heard, (64)
And drew the Wisdom down into his Heart;
And, sitting in the Shadow of the Perfect,
His Soul found Quiet under; sweet it seem'd,
Sweeping the Chaff and Litter from his own,
To be the very Dust of Wisdom's Door,
Slave of the Firmán of the Lord of Life.
Then THE SAGE marvell'd at his Towardness,
And wrought in Miracle in his behalf.
He pour'd the Wine of Wisdom in his Cup,
He laid the Dew of Peace upon his lips;
And when Old Love return'd to Memory,
And broke in Passion from his Lips, THE SAGE,
Under whose waxing WILL Existence rose
Responsive, and, relaxing, waned again,
Raising a Fantom Image of ABSÁL,
Set it awhile before SALÁMÁN'S Eyes,
Till, having sow'd the Seed of Quiet there,
It went again down to Annihilation.
But ever, for the Sum of his Discourse,
THE SAGE would tell of a Celestial Love;
"ZUHRAH," [1] he said, "the Lustre of the Stars— (65)

[1] "ZUHRAH." *The Planetary and Celestial Venus.*

"'Fore whom the Beauty of the Brightest wanes;
"Who were she to reveal her perfect Beauty,
"The Sun and Moon would craze; ZUHRAH," he said,
"The Sweetness of the Banquet—none in Song
"Like Her—her Harp filling the Ear of Heaven,
"That Dervish-dances to her Harmony."

SALÁMÁN listen'd, and inclin'd—again
Repeated, Inclination ever grew;
Until THE SAGE beholding in his Soul
The SPIRIT [1] quicken, so effectually
With ZUHRAH wrought, that she reveal'd herself
In her pure Beauty to SALÁMÁN'S Soul,
And washing ABSÁL'S Image from his Breast,
There reign'd instead. Celestial Beauty seen,
He left the Earthly; and, once come to know
Eternal Love, he let the Mortal go.

[1] "Maany." *The Mystical pass-word of the Súfís, to express the Transcendental New Birth of The Soul.*

XXVII.

THE Crown of Empire how supreme a Lot! (66)
The Throne of the Sultán how high!—But not
For All—None but the Heaven-ward Foot may dare
To mount—The Head that touches Heaven to wear!—

When the Belov'd of Royal Augury
Was rescued from the Bondage of ABSÁL,
Then he arose, and shaking off the Dust
Of that lost Travel, girded up his Heart,
And look'd with undefiléd Robe to Heaven.
Then was His Head worthy to wear the Crown,
His Foot to mount the Throne. And then THE SHAH
Summon'd the Chiefs of Cities and of States,
Summon'd the Absolute Ones who wore the Ring,
And such a Banquet order'd as is not
For Sovereign Assemblement the like
In the Folding of the Records of the World.
No arméd Host, nor Captain of a Host,
From all the Quarters of the World, but there;
Of whom not one but to SALÁMÁN did (67)
Obeisance, and lifted up his Neck
To yoke it under his Supremacy.

Then THE SHAH crown'd him with the Golden Crown,
And set the Golden Throne beneath his Feet,
And over all the Heads of the Assembly,
And in the Ears of all of them, his Jewels
With the Diamond of Wisdom cut, and said:—

XXVIII.

"My Son,[1] the Kingdom of The World is not (68)
"Eternal, nor the Sum of right Desire;
"Make thou the Faith-preserving Intellect
"Thy Counsellor; and considering To-day
"To-morrow's Seed-field, ere That come to bear,
"Sow with the Harvest of Eternity.
"All Work with Wisdom hath to do—by that
"Stampt current only; what Thyself to do
"Art wise, that *Do;* what not, consult the Wise.
"Turn not thy Face away from the old Ways,
"That were the Canon of the Kings of Old;
"Nor cloud with Tyranny the Glass of Justice;
"But rather strive that all Confusion
"Change by thy Justice to its opposite.
"In whatsoever Thou shalt Take or Give,
"Look to the *How;* Giving and Taking still, (69)
"Not by the backward Counsel of the Godless,
"But by the Law of Faith increase and Give.
"Drain not thy People's purse—the Tyranny
"Which Thee enriches at thy Subjects' cost,

[1] *One sees Jámi taking Advantage of his Allegorical Shah to read a Lesson to the Real—whose Ears Advice, unlike Praise, scarce ever reached unless obliquely. The Warning (and doubtless with good Reason) is principally aimed at the Minister.*

"Awhile shall make Thee strong; but in the End
"Shall bow thy Neck beneath a Double Burden.
"The Tyrant goes to Hell—follow not Him—
"Become not Thou the Fuel of its Fires.
"Thou art a Shepherd, and thy Flock the People,
"To save and not destroy; nor at their Loss
"To lift Thyself above the Shepherd's calling.
"For which is for the other, Flock or Shepherd?
"And join with Thee True men to keep the Flock—
"Dogs, if you will—but Trusty—head in leash,
"Whose Teeth are for the Wolf, not for the Lamb,
"At least of all the Wolf's Accomplices,
"Their Jaws blood-dripping from the Tyrant's Shambles.
"For Shahs must have Vizírs—but be they Wise
"And Trusty—knowing well the Realm's Estate—
"(For who eats Profit of a Fool? and least
"A wise King girdled by a Foolish Council—)
"Knowing how far to Shah and Subject bound
"On either Hand—not by Extortion,
(70) "Nor Usury wrung from the People's purse,
"Their Master's and their own Estates (to whom
"Enough is apt enough to make them Rebel)
"Feeding to such a Surplus as feeds Hell.
"Proper in Soul and Body be They—pitiful
"To Poverty—hospitable to the Saint—
"Their sweet Access a Salve to wounded Hearts,

"Their Vengeance terrible to the Evil Doer,
"Thy Heralds through the Country, bringing Thee
"Report of Good or Ill—which to confirm
"By thy peculiar Eye—and least of all
"Suffering Accuser also to be Judge—
"By surest Steps builds up Prosperity."

XXIX.

EPILOGUE.

(71) UNDER the Outward Form of any Story
An Inner Meaning lies—This Story now
Completed, do Thou of its Mystery
(Whereto the Wise hath found himself a way)
Have thy Desire—No Tale of *I* and *THOU*,
Though *I* and *THOU* be its Interpreters.[1]
What signifies THE SHAH? and what THE SAGE?
And what SÁLÁMAN not of Woman born?
And what ABSÁL who drew him to Desire?
And what the KINGDOM that awaited him
When he had drawn his Garment from her Hand?
What means that FIERY PILE? and what THE SEA?
And what that Heavenly ZUHRAH who at last
Clear'd ABSÁL from the Mirror of his Soul?
Learn part by part the Mystery from me;
All Ear from Head to Foot and Understanding be.

[1] *The Story is of* Generals, *though enacted by* Particulars.

XXX.

THE Incomparable Creator, when this World (72)
He did create, created First of All
The FIRST INTELLIGENCE [1]—First of a Chain
Of Ten Intelligences, of which the Last
Sole Agent is in this our Universe, (73)
ACTIVE INTELLIGENCE so call'd; The One
Distributor of Evil and of Good,
Of Joy and Sorrow. Himself apart from MATTER,
In Essence and in Energy—his Treasure
Subject to no such Talisman—He yet
Hath fashion'd all that is—Material Form,
And Spiritual, sprung from HIM—by HIM

[1] *These Intelligences are only another Form of the Neo-Platonic Dæmones. The Neo-Platonists held that Matter and Spirit could have no Intercourse—they were, as it were,* incommensurate. *How then, granting this premise, was Creation possible? Their Answer was a kind of gradual Elimination. God, the 'Actus Purus,' created an Œon; this Œon created a Second; and so on, until the Tenth Œon was sufficiently Material (as the Ten were in a continually descending Series) to affect Matter, and so cause the Creation by giving to Matter the Spiritual* Form.

Similarly we have in Sufiism these Ten Intelligences in a corresponding Series, and for the same End.

There are Ten Intelligences, and Nine Heavenly Spheres, of which the Ninth is the Uppermost Heaven, appropriated to the First Intelligence; the Eighth that of the Zodiac, to the Second; the Seventh, Saturn, to the Third; the Sixth, Jupiter, to the Fourth; the Fifth, Mars, to the Fifth; the Fourth, The Sun, to the Sixth; the Third, Venus, to the Seventh; the Second, Mercury, to the Eighth; the First, The Moon, to the Ninth; and THE EARTH *is the peculiar Sphere of the* TENTH, *or lowest Intelligence, called* THE ACTIVE."

Directed all, and in his Bounty drown'd.
Therefore is He that Firmán-issuing SHAH
To whom the World was subject. But because
What He distributes to the Universe
Himself from still a Higher Power receives,
The Wise, and all who comprehend aright,
Will recognise that Higher in THE SAGE.

His the PRIME SPIRIT that, spontaneously
Projected by the TENTH INTELLIGENCE,
Was from no Womb of MATTER reproduced
A Special Essence called THE SOUL—a CHILD
Fresh sprung from Heaven in Raiment undefiled
Of Sensual Taint, and therefore call'd SALÁMÁN.
(74) And who ABSÁL?—The Lust-adoring Body,
Slave to the Blood and Sense—through whom THE SOUL,
Although the Body's very Life it be,
Does yet imbibe the Knowledge and Desire
Of Things of SENSE; and these united thus
By such a Tie GOD only can unloose,
BODY and SOUL are Lovers Each of other.

What is THE SEA on which they sail'd?—The Sea
Of Animal Desire—the Sensual Abyss,
Under whose Waters lies a World of Being
Swept far from God in that Submersion.

And wherefore was it ABSÁL in that Isle
Deceived in her Delight, and that SALÁMÁN
Fell short of his Desire?—That was to show
How PASSION tires, and how with Time begins
The Folding of the Carpet of DESIRE.

And what the turning of SALÁMÁN'S Heart
Back to THE SHAH, and looking to the Throne
Of Pomp and Glory? What but the Return
Of the Lost SOUL to its true Parentage,
And back from Carnal Error looking up
Repentant to its Intellectual Throne.

What is THE FIRE?—Ascetic Discipline, (75)
That burns away the Animal Alloy,
Till all the Dross of MATTER be consumed,
And the Essential Soul, its raiment clean
Of Mortal Taint, be left. But forasmuch
As, any Life-long Habit so consumed,
May well recur a Pang for what is lost,
Therefore THE SAGE set in SALÁMÁN'S Eyes
A Soothing Fantom of the Past, but still
Told of a Better Venus, till his Soul
She fill'd, and blotted out his Mortal Love.
For what is ZUHRAH?—The Divine Perfection,
Wherewith the Soul inspir'd and all array'd

In Intellectual Light is Royal blest,
And mounts THE THRONE, and wears THE CROWN, and
Reigns
Lord of the Empire of Humanity.

This is the Meaning of This Mystery,
Which to know wholly ponder in thy Heart,
Till all its ancient Secret be enlarged.
Enough—The written Summary I close,
And set my Seal:

THE TRUTH GOD ONLY KNOWS.

APPENDIX.

What follows concerning the Royal Game of CHÚGÁN *comes from the Appendix to Vol. I. of Sir William Ouseley's Travels in the East.*

FIRDÚSI tells of SIAVESH and his Iranian (Persian) Heroes astonishing AFRASIÁB of TURÁN with their Skill at this Game 600 years before Christ; and GUSHTASP (Hystaspes), to the sound of Drum and Trumpet, drives the Ball Invisible with his Blow. NIZÁMI sets SHÍRÍN and her Maidens playing at it, against her King, KHUSRAU PARVÍZ, and his Ministers;

> "On one side was the Moon and her Stars,
> "On the other THE SHAH and his Firmán-bearers."

Ouseley however (allowing for Poetic License) believes the Game was played "through almost every Reign of the Sassanian Dynasty—as much esteemed by the Mahommedan Kings as by their Fire-worshipping Predecessors."

"We find the Greek Emperor, Manuel Commenus, with his Byzantine Princes and Nobles, enjoying this Amusement on Horseback in the 12th Century; the Wooden Ball having been exchanged for one more soft, form'd of stuff'd Leather; and the Stick, or Wand, instead of a Hammer-like Head, terminating in a Hoop; which, as our Battledores or Tennis-rackets, presented to the Ball a reticulated space. This Imperial Sport is well described by the Historian Cinnamus, who probably was a Spectator." It | went by the slightly altered *(78)* name TSUKANISTERION—which word, however, since CHÚGÁN means the Bandy-stick employed, more properly signifies, I suppose, the Ground played on; and equally related to the Persian, had they chosen to affix, as so often, the Verb common to themselves, the Greeks, the Latins, and us, and called the place of Exercise CHÚGÁN*istán;* or, CHÚGÁN-*stand.*

Piétro della Valle, who saw it played in SHAH ABBAS' time (1618), calls it "Pallamaglio," and found both Game and Name subsisting in the Florentine "CALCIO"—only that the Florentine played a-foot, and the Persian "piu nobilmente a Cavallo." The Spanish Jesuit Ovalle found it also (also on Foot) under the name of "CHUECA," in South America, in 1646.

Ducange finds Name and Game also in the "CHICANE" of Languedoc, from which he naturally thinks it borrowed; not daring to push Derivation to the English word "Chiquen," he says, "qui signifie un Poullet; en sorte que *'Chiquaner'* seroit imiter les Poullets qui ont contûme de courir les uns apres les autres pour arracher les morceaux du Bec," &c.

Englishmen know the Game well (on Foot too, and with such Leather Balls as the Persians perhaps knew not how to harden), under many Forms and Names—Golf, Stow-Ball, Shinty, Hocky, Bandy, &c.

And now with regard to the Frontispiece. It is "accurately copied" from an Engraving in Sir William's Book, which he says (and as those who care to look into the Bodleian for it may see), is "accurately copied from a very beautiful Persian MS., containing the Works of Háfiz, transcribed in the Year 956 of the Hejirah, 1549 of Christ; the MS. is in my own Collection. This Delineation exhibits the Horsemen contending for the Ball; their short Jackets seem peculiarly adapted
(79) to the Sport; we see the MÍL, or | Goals; Servants attend on Foot holding CHÚGÁNS in readiness for other Persons who may join in the Amusement, or to supply the place of any that may be broken. A young Prince—as his PARR, or Feather, would indicate—receives on his Entrance into the MEIDAN, or Place of Exercise, a CHÚGÁN from the hands of a bearded Man very plainly dressed; yet (as an intelligent Painter at Ispahan assured me, and as appears from other Miniatures in the same Book) this Bearded Figure is meant to represent Hafiz himself," &c.

The Persian legend at the Top Corner is the Verse from Hafiz which the Drawing illustrates;

Shahsuvára Khúsh bemeidán ámedy gúiy bezann.

Though the Sticks, or Bats, are here represented *long*, they really were (as Chardin and others report) so short as to cause the Rider to stoop below the Saddle-bow to strike; which, the Horse going full Gallop, was great part of the Difficulty. And Tabri describes Events in the Eighth Century (just before his own Time), when Harun Alraschid was still little, so that when on Horseback, "he could not reach to strike the Ball with a Chúgán." Ouseley also, judging from the Illustration (in which Persian Artists are not very accurate), thinks the Chúgán sticks were only *generally*, or partially, semicircular at the striking End. But that they were so (varying perhaps a little in degree as our Bandy sticks do) is proved by the Text of the Present Poem, as also by a previous line in the Original, where—

"The Realm of Existence is the space of Meidán,
"The Ball of Heaven in the Crook of his CHÚGÁN."

And passages in Hafiz speak of his Heart as being carried off by his Beloved's Eyebrow; which no Persian Lover ever dreamt of but as arched indeed.

(80) As the "FAIR ONE" of Persian Mysticism is the Deity's Self—so the Points of that Beauty (as in our Canticles) adumbrate so many

of the Deity's Attributes; varying however with various Poets, or their Commentators. Sir W. Jones speaks of THE HAIR as emblematic of "The Expansion of Divine Glory"—THE LIPS as of "Hidden Mysteries"—The Down of the Cheek as "Spirits round the Throne," whose central point of excessive Light is darken'd into The Mole upon the Cheek!—Tholuck, from a Turkish Commentary, interprets the Ringlets as "The Divine Mysteries;" the Forehead their Manifestation, &c.

The Beauty of ABSÁL, though Sensual, yet seduces SALÁMÁN (THE SOUL) with its Likeness to The Divine; and her Tresses, as we see, play their part, involving him in their Intricacies. The following Ode of Jámi's on the subject very happily entangles the Ear with its repetitions of that mysterious ZULF which closes the first two, and every alternate Line, to the End. "Le Texte de cette Ode," says De Sacy, "est d'une Charme inexprimable que l'on chercheroit inutilement dans une Traduction." The Persian therefore is here vocalized as nearly as possible in English Notes, to give the Reader a Notion of the harmony which is its chief Merit. But I subjoin for the Lover of literal Translation a very literal one, which he can if he chooses place word for word under the Persian, and, if he will accept a very little help at starting, may construe into what form he pleases: supplying for himself a Verb and a Point where the Reader of the original has to do so.

The apostrophized *'i* (here written, but in Persian only pronounced) either denotes that the following Noun, Pronoun or Adjective belongs to it as Genitive or Epithet—as in the first line "*dil'i man*"="heart of I (Me);" or acts merely as a *passing Note* of harmony (with a People who hate all harshness but in Deed) between any two Consonants and a third, or between any consonanted long Vowel and a succeeding Consonant, unless that long Vowel's Consonant be *n*. "Tamám'i zulf" in line 4 is an in- | stance of the *'i* in its latter use. *(81)* In both cases it is common in quantity.

The *ra* in the 5th and last lines mark the Dative.

Ay dil'í man sayd'i dám'í sulf'i tó
Dám'i dilhá gashta nám'í sulf'i to
Banda shud dar sulf'i tó dilhá tamám
Dám ŭ band ámad tamám'í sulf'i to
Dád'i tashríf'í ghŭlám'í-bandará
Zulf'í tó ay man ghŭlám'i sulf'i tó
Láik'í rukhsár'i gulrang'i tŏ níst
Jus nikáb'í mushkifám'i sulf'i tó
Ram kunand as dám'i murghán way ajáb
Ján'i bí árám'i rám'í sulf'i to
Zulf'i to bálá'i mah dárad makám
Bas buland ámad makám'í sulf'i to
Subh'i íkbál' ast'i tálf' har nafás
Banda-Jámí-rá zi shám'í zulf'i tó.

APPENDIX.

Ah heart I prey snare Ringlet You
Snare Hearts become name Ringlet you
Bound are in Ringlet you Hearts wholly
Snare and bond become wholly Ringlet you
Give honour Slave-bound
Ringlet you Ah I Slave Ringlet you
Worthy cheek rose-colour'd you not is
Except Veil musky-natured Ringlet you
Escape make from Snare Birds Ah strange
Soul without peace obsequious of Ringlet you
Ringlet you above Moon has place
Very high is place Ringlet you
Dawn Bliss is revealed every breath
Bondman-Jámi from Night Ringlet you.

(82) Page 7. "The Master," whose Verse is quoted is Jellaladín, the Great Súfí Teacher. The "King Himself" is Yacúb Beg, whose Father's Vision appears in the next Section.

Page 22. "MUSSULMAN" is very usually derived from the same "SALEM" element as "SALÁMÁN." So "Solomon," &c.

Page 26. "Premièrement, à bander l'arc; dont l'Art consiste à le bien tenir, à le bander, et à laisser partir la Corde à l'aise, sans que la main gauche qui tient l'arc, et qui est toute étendue, ni la main droite qui manie la Corde, remuent le moins du monde. On en donne d'abord d'aises à bander; puis de plus durs par degrès. Les maitres de ces Exercises apprennent à bander l'arc devant soi, derrière soi, à coté de soi, en haut, en bas—bref, en cent postures différentes, toujours vite et aisement. Ils ont des arcs fort difficiles à bander, et, pour essayer la force, on les pend contre un mur à une Cheville, et on attache des poids à la Corde de l'arc à l'endroit où l'on appuie la coche de la Flêche. Les plus durs portent cinque cents pesant avant d'être bandés," &c.—*Sir John Chardin*, vol. iii, 437. He elsewhere says, "La bonté d'un Arc consiste, comme on le dit en Perse, en ce que d'abord il soit rude à bander, jusqu'à ce que la Flêche soit à moitié dessus; et qu'ensuite il soit mou et aisé, jusqu'à ce que le bout de la Flêche soit entré dans la Corde."

Page 39 and elsewhere The THRONE is spoken of as *under Foot*. The Persepolitan Sculpture still discovers its King keeping his Chair as Europeans do with a separate Footstool. But in Jámi's time, The Throne was probably of the same Fashion that Chardin saw Solíman twice crowned on [1] 200 years after—perhaps the very same—"Un
(83) petit Tabouret carré," 3 feet high, Golden and Jew- | elled, on which the Prince gathers up his feet in Oriental fashion, so as it serves for Throne and Footstool too. "Ce Tabouret, hors le Temps qu'il sert a

[1] Solíman's 2nd Coronation came about because of his having fallen so ill from Debauchery, that his Astrologers said his First must have taken place under an Evil conjunction of Stars—so he must be crowned again—which he was—Chardin looking on both times.

cette Cérémonie se garde avec grand Soin dans le Trésor Royal qui est au Donjon de la Forteresse d'Ispahan," where also, to prove the Conservatism of Persia, so far as Habits go,—"J'ai vu," he says, "des Habits de Tamurlan; ils sont taillés tout comme ceux qu'on fait aujourd'hui, sans aucune difference." So the Mirrors used in Persia 200 years ago were commonly of polished Metal, just as Jámi so often describes.

Page 40. "KAI," which almost signifies "Gigantic King," properly belongs to Khusrau, 3rd king of the Kaianian Dynasty; but is here borrowed for Parvíz as a more mythical Title than Shah or King.

Page 42. I have proposed "The Planets" for those mysterious "SEVEN AND FOUR." But there is a large Choice, especially for the ever mystical "SEVEN"—Seven Commandments; 7 Climates; 7 Heavens, &c. The "Four" may be the 4 Elements, or even the 4 acknowledged Mahommedan Gospels—namely, The Pentateuch, Psalms, New Testament, and Kurán. For Salámán, though fabled *not* of THE FAITH, yet allegorically represents The Mirror of all Faith, and as The original Form of The Human Soul might be intuitively enlightened with all the Revelations that were to be—might even be, in esoteric Sufíism, The Come and Coming Twelfth Imám who had *read* all the previous Eleven; it being one Doctrine in the East that it is ever the *Last* and most perfect Prophet who was *First* Created and reserved in the Interior Heaven nearest to God till the Time of his Mission should come.

Sir John Chardin quotes Seven Magnificats written in gold upon azure over Shah Abbas' Tomb in the great Mosque at Kóm—composed, he says, "par le docte Hasan-Cazy," mainly in glory of ALI the Darling Imám of Persia, but of which the First Hymn "est tout de Mahomet." This has some passages so very parallel with the Sage's Address to Salámán, that (knowing how little worth | such parallels *(84)* are, especially in a Country where Magnificent Titles of Honour are stereotyped ready to be lavished on Prophet or Khan) nevertheless really seem borrowed by "le docte Hasan-Cazy," who probably was hard set to invent any new. They show at least how Jámi saluted his *Alien* Prince with Titles due to Mahomet's Self, and may perhaps light any curious Reader to a better understanding of these Seven and Four. He calls Mahomet, "*Infaillible Expositeur des Quatre Livres*" —those Gospels;[1] "*Conducteur des huit mobiles*"—the 8 Heavens of the Planets, says the Editor; "*Gouverneur des Sept Parties*" the Climates; "*Archetype des Choses créées; Instrument de la Creation du Monde: le plus relevé de la race d'Adam. Ce Peintre incomprehensible, qui a tiré tout d'un seul Coup de Pinceau* 'KOUN FIKOUN,' *n'a jamais fait un si beau portrait que le Globe de ton Visage.*"——

[1] So Sir John: but the Kurán being one, this looks rather addrest to Ali than Mahomet.

FIRST EDITION

APPENDIX.

Page 49. "Iram Garden." "Mahomet," says Sir W. Jones, "in the Chapter of The Morning, towards the end of his Alcoran, mentions a Garden called 'Irem,' which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic Poets than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the Commentators say, by a king named Shedád,"—deep in the Sands of Arabia Felix—"and was once seen by an Arabian who wandered far into the Desert in search of a lost Camel."

THE END.

EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S LETTERS RELATING TO "EUPHRANOR."

To E. B. Cowell.

[*End of 1845.*]

. . . I have been doing some of the dialogue, which seems the easiest thing in the world to do but is not. It is not easy to keep to good dialectic, and yet keep up the disjected sway of natural conversation. I talk, you see, as if I were to do some good thing: but I don't mean that. . . .

[*Postmark Woodbridge, Jan. 13, 1847.*]

. . . I have not got Phidippus into any presentable shape: and indeed have not meddled with him lately: as the spirit of light dialogue evaporated from me under an influenza, and I have not courted it back yet. Luckily I and the world can very well afford to wait for its return.

To G. Crabbe.

[*Geldestone, Feb. 11, 1851.*]

I send you an Euphranor, and (as you desire it) Spedding's Examiner. I believe that I should be ashamed of his praise, if I did not desire to take any means to make my little book known for a good purpose. I think he

over-praises it: but he cannot over-praise the design, and (as I believe) the tendency of it. . . .

60 Lincoln's Inn Fields.
[Feb. 27, 1851.]

. . . I felt a sort of horror when I read in your letter you had ordered the Book into your Club, for fear some one might guess. But if your *folks don't guess, no one else will. I have heard no more of it since I wrote to you last, except that its sale does not stand still. Pickering's foreman blundered in the Advertisements; quoting an extract about the use of the Book, when he should have quoted about its amusement, which is what the world is attracted by. But I left it to him. As it would be a real horror to me to be known as the writer, I do not think I can have much personal ambition in its success; but I should sincerely wish it to be read for what little benefit it may do. . . .*

To W. F. Pollock.

1 Long Wall Street, Oxford.
March 15, 1854.

The whole history of my mighty Books is simply this. Wishing to do something as far as I could against a training System of which I had seen many bad effects, I published the little Dialogue; but not having (for several other reasons) any desire to appear Author, I only told it to three men whom I wanted to puff the little Book, in case they honestly thought it worth puffing in a good

cause. Spedding did 'give me a wind' and Cowell (with whom I am here) another. Donne (who was my third man) for some reason or other did not puff the Book in print, but told my name in private; so as at last I was saluted with it in many quarters (above all in my own country neighbourhood where I least wanted it). . . .

To E. B. Cowell.

Woodbridge, May 28, 1868.

I was just about to post you your own Calcutta Review, when your Letter came, asking about some Euphranors. Oh yes! I have a Lot of them: returned from Parker's when they were going to dissolve their House; I would not be at the Bother of any further negociation with any other Bookseller about half a dozen little Books which so few wanted: so had them all sent here. I will therefore send you six copies. I had supposed that you didn't like the second Edition so well as the first: and had a suspicion myself that, though I improved it in some respects, I had done more harm than good: and so I have never had courage to look into it since I sent it to you at Oxford. Perhaps Tennyson[1] *only praised the first Edition and I don't know where to lay my hands on that. I wonder he should have thought twice about it. Not but I think the Truth is told: only, a Truth every one knows! And told in a shape of Dialogue really something Platonic: but I doubt rather affectedly too. How-*

[1] Who said that the description of the boat race with which Euphranor ends was one of the most beautiful pieces of English prose.

ever, such as it is, I send it to you. I remember being anxious about it twenty years ago, because I thought it was the Truth (as if my telling it could mend the matter!): and I cannot but think that the Generation that has grown up in these twenty years has not profited by the Fifty Thousand Copies of this great work! . . .

EUPHRANOR

A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH

EUPHRANOR

A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1851

EUPHRANOR,

A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH.

DURING the time of my pretending to practise Medicine at Cambridge, I was aroused one fine forenoon of May, by the sound of some one running up my staircase, three or four steps at a time; then, directly, a smart rapping at the door; and, before I could say "Come in," Euphranor had opened it, and, coming up to me, seized my arm with his usual eagerness, and told me I must go out with him —"it was such a day—sun shining—breeze blowing—hedges and trees all in leaf. He had been to Chesterton, (he said,) and had rowed back with a man who had now left him in the lurch; and I must take his place." I told him what a poor hand at the oar I was, and, such walnut-shells as these Cambridge boats were, I was sure a strong fellow like him must rejoice in getting a whole eight-oar to himself once in a way. He laughed, and said, "The pace, the pace" was the thing. However, that was all nothing, but—in short, I must go out with him, whether to row, or for a walk in the fields, or a game of billiards at Chesterton, whatever I liked, only go I must. After (2) a little more banter, about my possible patients, I got up, closed a very heavy treatise on Magnesia I was reading, put on coat and hat, and in three minutes we had run down-stairs, out into the open air; where both of us calling out together what a glorious day it was, we struck

out briskly for the old wooden bridge, where Euphranor said he had left his boat.

"By the bye," said I, as we went along, "it would be a charity to knock up poor Lexilogus, and carry him with us."

Not much of a charity, Euphranor thought—Lexilogus would so much rather be left with his books. But I declared that was the very reason he ought to be drawn abroad; and Euphranor, who was quite good-humoured, and wished Lexilogus all well, (for we were all three Yorkshiremen, whose families lived no great distance asunder,) easily consented. So, without more ado, we turned into Trinity great gate, and round by the right up a staircase to the attic in which Lexilogus kept.

The door was *sported*, but I knew he must be at home; so, using the privilege of an old friend, I shouted to him through the letter-slit. Presently we heard the sound of books falling, and some one advancing, and Lexilogus' thin, pale, and spectacled face appeared at the half-opened door. He was always glad to see me, I believe, howsoever I disturbed him; and he smiled as he laid his hand in mine, rather than returned its pressure.

The tea-things were still on the table, and I asked him (though I knew well enough) if he were so fashionable as only just to have breakfasted?

(8) "O—long ago—directly after morning chapel."

I then told him he must put his books away, and come out on the river with Euphranor and myself.

"He could not possibly," he said; "not so early, at least."

"Why, you walk every day regularly, I hope, do you not?" I asked him.

"Almost every day; but not now—the yearly examination was coming on."

"Come, come, my good fellow," said Euphranor, "that is the very reason you are to go, the doctor says; he will have it so. So make haste."

I then told him (what I then suddenly remembered) that, besides other reasons for going with us, his old aunt, a Cambridge tradesman's widow whom I attended, and whom poor Lexilogus helped to support out of his own little funds, wanted to see him directly on business. He should go with us to Chesterton, where she lodged; visit her while Euphranor and I played a game of billiards at the inn; and that afterwards we would all three take a good walk in the fields.

He supposed we should be back by Hall time, of course; about which I would make no conditions; and he then resigned himself to his destiny. While he was busy changing and brushing his clothes, Euphranor, who had walked somewhat impatiently about the room, looking now at the books, and now out of the window at some white pigeons wheeling about in the clear blue sky, went up to the mantel-piece and called out, "What a fine new pair of screens Lexilogus had got! the present, doubtless, of some fair lady."

Lexilogus said his sister had sent them to him on his
|birth-day; and coming up to me brush in hand, asked if (4)
I recognised the views painted on them?

"Quite well, quite well," I said, and told him to finish his toilet—"the old church, the yew tree, your father's house, one cannot mistake them."

"And were they not beautifully done?" he wanted to know; and I answered without hesitation, they were; for I knew the girl who had painted them, and (whatever they might be in point of art) an affection above all art had guided her hand.

At last, after a little hesitation as to whether he should wear cap and gown, (which I decided he should *not*, for this time only,) Lexilogus was ready; and calling out on the staircase to his bed-maker not to meddle with his books, we ran down-stairs, crossed the great court, through the Screens, thronged with Gyps and bed-makers, and redolent of ten thousand dinners; where we stopped a moment to read the names of the preachers appointed at St. Mary's; then through the cloisters of Neville's Court, and out upon the open space before the library. The sun shone broad on the new-shaven expanse of grass, while holiday-looking folks sauntered along the river-side, and under the trees of the walks, now flourishing in freshest green—the chesnuts especially in full leaf, and bending down their white cones over the sluggish current, which seemed indeed more fitted for the merchandise of coal, than to wash the walls and flow through the groves of Academe.

We now considered we had not come quite right for the wooden bridge; but this was easily amended at a small expense of college propriety. Going along to the Breweries,
(5) Euphranor called out to a man who had|his boat in

charge with many others close by. We descended the grassy slope, stepped into the boat, and settled the order of our voyage. Euphranor and I were to row, and Lexilogus (as I at first proposed) was to steer. But seeing he was averse from meddling with the matter, I agreed to take all the blame of my awkward rowing on myself.

"And just take care of this for me," said Euphranor, handing him a book which fell out of his pocket as he took his coat off.

"O, books, books!" I exclaimed, "I thought we were to steer clear of them at all events. Now we shall have Lexilogus reading all the way. What is it, Latin, Greek, Algebra, German, or what?"

It was none of these, however, Euphranor said, but only Digby's Godefridus; and then asking me whether I was ready, and I calling out "Ay, ay, Sir," our oars splashed in the water. Threading the main arch of Trinity bridge, we shot past the library, I exerting myself so strenuously, (as bad rowers sometimes do,) that I almost drove the nose of the boat against an office of this college as much visited by the students as avoided by visitors. This danger past, however, we got on better; Euphranor often looking behind him to anticipate our way, and counteracting with his strong oar any misdirection from mine. Amid all this, he had leisure to ask me if I knew Digby's books?

"Some of them," I told him, "the Broad Stone of Honour for one; indeed I had got the first edition of it, the Protestant one, now very rare."

"But not so good as the enlarged Catholic edition," said Euphranor, "of which this Godefridus is part; at least so Hare says."

(6) "Perhaps not," I replied; "but then, on the other hand, not so Catholic; which you and Lexilogus will agree with me is a great advantage."

This I said slyly, Euphranor being rather taken with the Oxford doctrine just then coming into vogue.

"You cannot forgive him his Popery," said he.

"Nay, nay," said I, "I can forgive a true man any thing. Digby is a noble writer; and his quotations too—nobody except old Burton beats him in that."

"O, but so much finer than Burton," exclaimed Euphranor, "as much as Æschylus, Dante, Plato, the Fathers, and the old Romancers, are finer than Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, Cardan, and such like."

I admitted this, though Burton quoted from Plato, Cicero, and Seneca too. After a little pause, Euphranor asked me "if I did not remember Digby himself at College; if I did not know him?"

"Not *know* him," I answered, "but I remember him very well."

"What sort of man?"

"Tall, big-boned, high-featured, and of a sad complexion," I said, "like some old Digby stepped down from the canvass."

"And, Hare says, really himself the knight he drew."

"At least," answered I, "he rowed very vigorously on this river, where I am now labouring so awkwardly."

Thus talking of Digby and his books, and constantly interrupted by the little accidents of our voyage, we had threaded our way through the barges congregated at Magdalen bridge; through the locks, and so to Cross's boat-house; where we surrendered our boat, and footed it over the fields to Chesterton, at whose church we came just as its quiet chimes were preluding twelve|o'clock. (7) Close by was the humble house whither Lexilogus was bound. I looked in for a moment at the old lady, and left Lexilogus with her, desiring him privately to stay but a short time, and then to join us at the Three Tuns Inn; the Three Tuns, which I preferred to any younger rival, because of the many pleasant hours I had spent there in my own college days.

When we got there, we found that all the tables were occupied; but that one, as usual, would be at our service before long. Meanwhile, ordering some light ale after us, we went into the bowling-green, with its lilac bushes now in full bloom and full odour; and there we found Lycion sitting alone upon a bench, with a cigar in his mouth, and rolling the bowls about lazily with his foot.

"What! Lycion! and all alone!" I exclaimed.

He nodded to us both, and said he was waiting till some men had finished a pool of billiards up-stairs—"A great bore—for it was only just begun; and one of the fellows is a man I particularly detest, so I am obliged to wait here till he is off."

"Come and share our ale then," said I. "Are you ever

foolish enough to go rowing on the river, as we have been doing?"

"Not often," he said; "he did not see the use of perspiring to no purpose."

"Just so," replied I. "But here comes our liquor; sweet is pleasure after pain, at all events."

We then sat down in one of those little arbours cut into the lilac bushes round the bowling-green, and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of home-brewed, Lycion took up the volume of Digby, which Euphranor had laid on the table.

(8) "Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one who would teach you to like a longer row on the river than we have had."

"Chivalry," said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the book; "I thought people had done talking about that sort of thing."

Euphranor asked him "what sort of thing."

"Why, dragons, tournaments, old armour, and so on."

"You judge of the book on rather a hasty acquaintance," said Euphranor.

Lycion said he had heard of it before, and heard it laughed at.

"Possibly," replied Euphranor, who began to look a little angry. "Nevertheless, I can assure you this book is *not* about tournaments, dragons, and 'that sort of thing;' that is, not about them only."

"Don't you remember," Lycion said, addressing me, "what an absurd thing the Eglinton tournament was?

What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne, and the heralds, and the knights in full armour on their horses—they had been practising for months, I believe—but unluckily, at the very moment of onset, the rain began, and the knights threw down their lances and put up umbrellas."

I laughed at this account, and said, I remembered something like it had occurred, though not to the extent of the umbrellas, which I thought was a play-house burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor what he had to say in defence of the tournament.

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It was a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* only an affair of old armour, with little of the essence of chivalry about it—As Digby himself emphatically tells us," (9) he went on, rapidly turning over the leaves—"Here it is" —and he read—" 'The error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition'—that is, you know, that chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of beauty, eternal—'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists in their supposing that tournaments, steel panoply, and coat arms, and aristocratic institutions, are essential to chivalry; whereas, these are, in fact, only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of time, which changes all such things.' "

"I am told the old knights were really great blackguards," said Lycion, turning his cigar in his mouth, and glancing at his antagonist, "with all their pretences of fighting for religion, distressed damsels, and so on."

"Come, Lycion," said I, "you must not abuse them, you, whose pedigree links you through Agincourt and Crecy, almost up to the times of King Arthur."

"O yes, King Arthur, and his round table, and the seven champions; and pray do not forget Don Quixote. He is one of your heroes, is he not, Euphranor?"

Euphranor declared that Don Quixote was a man of truly chivalric soul—only—

"Only that he was mad," interrupted Lycion, "and mistook windmills for giants. And I doubt if King Arthur's giants, ogres, and dragons were half so substantial as windmills."

"Perhaps Digby would tell us," said I, who saw Euphranor's wrath rising, "that there can be no want of dragons and ogres while oppression and misery are to be found in the world."

"To be sure," said Euphranor, "these old romances
(10) |are the symbols of the truth, if not the truth itself: nay, they do record the truth itself, inasmuch as they record the warfare which all heroic men must wage for ever with the evil of the world, under whatsoever shape it may appear."

"Does not Carlyle some where tell us," said I, "that chivalry must now seek and fulfil its mission in the campaigns, not of war, but of peace; which need no less energy, endurance, and self-devotion. He talks of a 'chivalry of labour,' I think; that the proper conquests for heroes now to make are the victories of the loom and the steam engine; and that in future not '*arms* and the man,' but '*tools* and the man,' must be the Epic of the world."

"O well," said Lycion, "if your King Arthurs and Sir Lancelots are to soften down into peaceable spinners, stokers, and tailors, I shall never object to them. Let them go on conquering and to conquer in that vocation, by all means; and let short bills, especially among the tailors, be the tokens of their prowess."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I, "but then you must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it all; but, as your ancestors led on mailed troops at Agincourt, so must you put yourself at the head of these spinners and tailors, and be what Carlyle calls 'a captain of industry;' a master-tailor, leading on a host of journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not like dropping chivalry so low from its ancient imaginary splendour, "surely chivalry will ever find enough to do with the laws, the religion, the welfare and glory of a country, the defence of the poor, the education of the people. As Tennyson says so nobly, King Arthur,|who was carried away (11) to the island valley of Avilion, to be tended and nursed by queens, will, and does, return to us in the shape of a modern gentleman of stateliest port. And whatever Carlyle or any one else may say, war is not yet out of the world; there are people still ready to strike in a bad cause, and it would be hard if there were none to resist in a good."

"Well," said Lycion, who often, seeming not to attend to what was making against him, caught quickly at any favourable turn—"we have a paid army to do all that for us."

"A paid army!" repeated Euphranor with great disgust. "And do you pretend to say, Lycion, that you, for one, would sit there smoking your eternal cigar, if England were to be invaded, for instance?"

Lycion, however, only turned that eternal cigar in his mouth, and glanced rather superciliously at his antagonist. And I, who had been all this while reading in the Godefridus at the open page where Euphranor left off, said, "Here we are, as usual, disputing about we know not what; we have not yet agreed upon the meaning of the terms we are using. Here, Euphranor, will you read this passage to us, as to what Digby understands by the word *chivalry*, and then we shall see our way clearer perhaps."

I gave him the book, and he read—

"Chivalry is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind, which disposes men to generous and heroic actions; and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this spirit more generally prevails in youth than in
(12) the later periods of men's life: and, as|the heroic is always the earliest age in the history of nations, so youth, the first period of life, may be considered as the heroic or chivalrous age of each separate man; and there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imagination, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with its romantic recollections. The Anglo-

Saxons distinguished the period between childhood and manhood by the term "cnithade," knighthood: a term which still continued to indicate the connexion between youth and chivalry, when knights were styled "children" as in the historic song beginning

> Childe Rowlande to the dark tower came,—

an excellent expression, no doubt;—for every boy and youth is, in his mind and sentiment, a knight, and essentially a son of chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a singular and most degrading system of education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law; therefore, so long as there has been, or shall be, young men to grow up to maturity; and until all youthful life shall be dead, and its source withered up for ever; so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble chivalry. To understand therefore this first, and, as it were, natural chivalry, we have only to observe the features of the youthful age, of which examples surround us. For, as Demopho says of young men;

> Ecce autem similia omnia: omnes congruunt:
> Unum cognoris, omnes noris.

Mark the courage of him who is green and fresh in the old world. Amyntas beheld and dreaded the inso-|lence (13) of the Persians; but not so Alexander, the son of Amyntas, ἅτε νέος, τε ἐὼν, καὶ κακῶν ἀπαθὴς (says Herodotus) οὐδαμῶς ἔτι κατέχειν οἷος τε ἦν. When Jason had related to his companions the conditions imposed by the king, the

first impression was that of horror and despondency; till Peleus rose up boldly, and said,

> Ωρη μητιάασθαι ὃ κ' ἔρξομεν οὐ μὲν ἔολπα
> Βουλῆς εἶναι ὄνειαρ, ὅσον τ' ἐπι κάρτει χειρῶν.

'If Jason be unwilling to attempt it, I and the rest will undertake the enterprise; for what more can we suffer than death?' And then instantly rose up Telamon and Idas, and the sons of Tyndarus, and Œnides, although

> —οὐδε περ ὅσσον ἐπανθιόωντας ἰούλους
> Ἀντέλλων.

But Argus, the Nestor of the party, restrained their impetuous valour."

"Scarce the down upon their lips you see," (said I,) "Freshmen;—so that you, Euphranor, who are now Bachelor of Arts, and whose upper lip at least begins to show the stubble of repeated harvests, are, alas, fast slipping away from that golden prime of knighthood, while Lycion here, whose shavings might almost be counted—"

"Pshaw," interrupted Lycion, "I have no ambition to be one of his heroes."

"But you can't help it, it appears," said I, "and you must not, like a bad bird, foul your own nest. And see here again," I continued, having taken the book from Euphranor's hands, "after telling us that Chivalry is only Youth, he goes on to define what Youth is."

(14) "It is a remark of Lord Bacon, that 'for the moral part,

youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic;' and this has always been the opinion which is allied to that other belief, that the Heroic (the Homeric age) was the most virtuous age of Greece. When Demosthenes was desirous of expressing any great and generous sentiment, he uses the term νεανικὸν φρόνημα, and it is the saying of Plautus when surprise is evinced at the benevolence of an old man, 'Benignitas hujus ut adolescentuli est.' There is no difference, says the philosopher, between youthful age and youthful character; and what this is cannot be better evinced than in the very words of Aristotle. 'The young are ardent in desire, and what they do is from affection; they are tractable and delicate, they earnestly desire and are easily appeased; their wishes are intense, without comprehending much, as the thirst and hunger of the weary; they are passionate and hasty, and liable to be surprised by anger; for being ambitious of honour, they cannot endure to be despised, but are indignant when they suffer injustice: they love honour, but still more victory; for youth desires superiority, and victory is superiority, and both of these they love more than riches; for as to these, of all things, they care for them the least. They are not of corrupt manners, but are innocent, from not having beheld much wickedness; and they are credulous, from having been seldom deceived; and sanguine in hope, for, like persons who are drunk with wine, they are inflamed by nature, and from their having had but little experience of fortune. And they live by hope, for hope is of the future, but memory

is of the past, and to youth the future is every thing, the
(15) past but little; they hope all things, and re-|member nothing: and it is easy to deceive them, for the reasons which have been given; for they are willing to hope, and are full of courage, being passionate and hasty, of which tempers it is the nature of one not to fear, and of the other to inspire confidence; and thus are easily put to shame, for they have no resources to set aside the precepts which they have learned: and they have lofty souls, for they have never been disgraced or brought low; and they are unacquainted with necessity; they prefer honour to advantage, virtue to expediency; for they live by affection rather than by reason, and reason is concerned with expediency, but affection with honour: and they are warm friends and hearty companions, more than other men, because they delight in fellowship, and judge of nothing by utility, and therefore not their friends; and they chiefly err in doing all things over much, for they keep no medium. They love much, and they dislike much, and so in every thing, and this arises from their idea that they know every thing. And their faults consist more in insolence than in actual wrong; and they are full of mercy, because they regard all men as good, and more virtuous than they are; for they measure others by their own innocence; so that they suppose every man suffers wrongfully.' So that, Lycion, you see," said I, looking up from the book, "is a knight of nature's own dubbing—yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the order. And all the time he is pretending to be

careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed energy, generosity, and devotion."

"If one can't help it then," said Lycion rather sulkily, "what is the use of writing books about it?"

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I, "it is like giving you (16) an inventory of your goods, which else you are apt to lose in your march to manhood—which you young people are always straining after. Only to repent of it when you have got there; for I see that Digby goes on—'what is termed *entering the world*, assuming its principles and maxims, is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric heroes went sorrowing—

'ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.'"

"And do you remember," said Euphranor, "what Lamb's friend said of the Eton boys in their cricket ground?—'What a pity these fine lads should so soon turn into frivolous members of parliament!'"

"Why must they be frivolous?" said Lycion.

Euphranor did not answer this directly, but went on in a musing way. "No doubt what is called *entering the world* is a degradation from chivalrous youth; but I suppose Digby would admit the best Youth is only a preparation for a better Manhood."

I said, "Perhaps so"—"And yet," said he, "in the passage you have read, you see he compares the youth of man to the heroic age of a nation."

"Which, however, may not be its *best* age," answered

I, "though a very necessary and a very beautiful one. Lycion and I may not agree that Argonautic expeditions, Trojan, or holy wars, mark the best epochs of a nation, whatever you heroic gentlemen think."

"Well, but if what Digby says be true, that it is this spirit which keeps men and nations most conversant with what is beautiful and sublime in the moral and intellec-
(17) tual world—and here is Bacon declaring|that Youth excels in the Moral, and Age in the Politic only—poor ignoble Politic."

I asked, smiling, "if by *Age* Bacon might mean *old age*—as much a descent from perfect Manhood on one side as Youth was an ascent to it on the other. Or if '*Politic*' was used in that better sense by which Jeremy Bentham securely proves the expediency of virtue?"

Euphranor, however, rejected all such base notions of virtue, and would have nothing whatever to do with Jeremy Bentham. "And what mighty virtues Aristotle attributes to Youth!" said he.

"And mighty faults too, for that matter," I returned. —"Does he not say it is rash, ambitious, overbearing—insolent even?—faults, which manhood with its experience may correct, perhaps?"

"Well then," said Euphranor, "Lycion may say, the sooner these Eton boys get into the world and learn that experience the better."

"Yes," said I, "if their stomachs were strong enough to digest it. And even then they might lose more than they gained—for you see how much of this youthful vir-

tue Aristotle draws from *in*experience of the world; as he says it is innocent from not having beheld much wickedness, hopeful from not having been disappointed, trustful from not having been deceived, lofty of soul and despising riches from never having been brought low; and so forth. Your friend Plato, if I remember, will not allow even those who are destined to be judges in his republic to make acquaintance with crime till near middle life, for fear they should harden into a distrust of human nature; will he?"

Euphranor nodded; and I said that on the same principle he and Lamb's friend might think there|was danger of the Eton boys hardening into an ignoble policy, by too early acquaintance with St. Stephen's, before they were established in the good Affection, good fellowship, and generous energy, of which Aristotle's catalogue was so much made up. (18)

"Especially," said Euphranor, "as Plato will not have a man meddle with the laws till he is past thirty."

"Well," said Lycion, "whatever your ancients—or moderns—may say, the law of England settles it otherwise."

"You mean," said I, "in fixing on twenty-one as the age of discretion?"

He nodded; and I said—"Discretion enough to pocket rents, make your will, and so on."

"Yes, and sit in parliament," said he.

I was obliged to admit this—"There is no denying it—only perhaps the law contemplates that you are there not

to advise, but only courageously to second, and carry out into vote, what some Nestor Russell or Ulysses Peel proposes—as the knights of Greece and England obeyed the highest wisdom of law or church in their days."

"Nay, nay," interposed Euphranor, "and to advise too, in order that the generous counsel, the νεανικὸν φρόνημᾶ, of Youth, may vivify and ennoble the cold Politic of Age."

"Ah," said I, "but if by a full apprenticeship of Youth, Age could be so fully stocked with its generous spirit and fine affections, that all experience of the world and politic of Age should serve only to direct, not to freeze the genial current of the soul—that boy's heart within the man's never ceasing to throb and tremble even to *old* age, so that

(19)

Ev'n while the vital heat retreats below,
Ev'n while the hoary head is lost in snow,
The *life* is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green—

then you know your senators would need no young men to vivify their counsel; having all their virtue in themselves, or could admit the Young without danger of contaminating them by ignoble policy."

"According to you, the virtue of youth consists in its good Affections," said Euphranor.

"Nay," I replied, "I am only following Aristotle's text, whose catalogue is made up of these Affections, you see; 'living by Affection rather than by Reason' he twice says, I think."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "and Bacon some where observes, I remember, that Youth doth profit in the Affections, and Age in the Reason, which may help one to the meaning of that other passage of his that puzzled me before, about the Moral and the Politic."

"He too," said I, "would perhaps agree with Lamb's friend and Digby, that it would be well to give those Affections good time to develop in; that at all events it would be dangerous to forsake them until the Reason was far advanced, which this same Aristotle says, I think, does not reach its maturity till about forty years of age, though I say it who should not, having just past that notable era."

"Pythagoras, you know," said Euphranor, "had said much the same long before. Setting man's life at fourscore years, he devotes the first twenty to Childhood—the second to Youth—the third to Manhood—and the last to Old Age. A division of life which you and I shall not quarrel with at any rate, doctor."

"No indeed," cried I, "nor to any one else I should sup- (20)
pose. Think, my dear Lycion, what a privilege it is for you to have yet more than twenty years before you to enjoy in the Elysian cricket-field of Youth, spared from the contamination of representing your father's borough in parliament. And Euphranor too, whom we thought was leaving his prime of youth just as he got his beard, is, in fact, only just entering upon it; and (what is most wonderful of all) I, who have been these fifteen years past bringing people into the world, and regulating their bowels, am myself only just ceased to be a boy!"

Lycion now called up to his friends in the billiard room, one of whom appeared at the window, cue in hand, and shook his head, saying however, in a confidential way, that "all would be right in a few minutes," and so retired. On which Lycion had nothing to do for it, but light another cigar, and lying down on his back with his hat over his eyes, compose himself to inattention.

Euphranor, who had been musing during this little episode, now said, "To be sure these unreasonable Affections are no very high qualities. Plato would call them the virtues of dogs and horses."

"Let me see," said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage—"yes, 'ardent of desire,' 'tractable,' some of them at least—'without comprehending much'—'ambitious'—'despisers of riches'—except the famous dog and the shadow, but that is a fable —'warm friends and hearty companions'—really a great deal quite applicable to the better breeds of dogs and horses. And why not? The horse, you know, has given
(21) his very name to Chivalry, because of his asso-|ciation in the heroic enterprises of men. And as for dogs, Byron says he never had but one friend—'and—' "

"And there *he lies*," cried Euphranor, "Lord Byron!—But there are other affections—"

"Wife and children?" said I, as he paused. "Birds, you know, have both—and your knights are supposed as yet to know nothing of either."

"I hope you like it, Euphranor," said Lycion from under his hat.

"Pshaw! doctor," Euphranor called out rather impatiently—"Religious Affections, for instance, which all children feel, and dogs and horses never come to feel."

"My dear Euphranor," said I, more seriously, "is not *all* Affection, *quoad* Affection, unreasonable? If you speak of the *object* of Affection, that is another thing. Men only (as we suppose) comprehend the idea of God; and, by the way, does not Bacon say that man looks up to God, as a dog to his master?"

"But meaning that man looks up with a Reasonable Affection, as dog to man with unreasonable."

"Well," said I, "*man*, come to forty years of age—(humph!)—may comprehend the Divine idea; but do not the young accept it blindly, on authority, and so bend their Affections to it?"

"But to be able to accept it at all," urged Euphranor, "whether *comprehending* it or not, *is* Reason; and so of Truth, and Justice, and other abstract ideas, which are intuitive in children; remembered, Plato says, from some previous existence, and included by Bacon, I have no doubt, in what he calls the *Moral* of Youth."

"And Wordsworth too," added I, "does not he affirm this Intuition is the more active the younger we are, as being nearer to God, who is our home?"

Euphranor assented, and I said, "But, Euphranor, if (22) this Intuition be *reason*, we overrule Bacon and Aristotle, and say that it is not *Age* that excels in it, but Childhood."

"Unless," said he, "considering the *intuitive* Reason to be drawn out by the *dialectic*, as music from an instru-

ment, into the full harmony of *complete reason*, as we see done in Plato's Dialogues with the Young."

"Hear these metaphysicians, Lycion!" said I, "the Reason drawn out by Reason into Reason!"

Lycion only answered with one long-drawn sigh of smoke that went the way of most metaphysics.

"Or," said Euphranor, laughing, "suppose I drop the *name* of Reason from my first term, substitute what I believe is an equivalent for the second, put all into a Coleridgean formula, (though not with Coleridge's use of terms,)—'The Intuition + the Understanding = the whole Reason.'"

We both laughed at this grand proposition, which Euphranor gave out in a mock-heroic way. And then I said, "This poor *reason* has run the gauntlet of definition harder than any word in the language, I believe. Some make it an Instinct, some a process of that Instinct, confounding Reas*on* with Reason*ing*, perhaps. Milton says it is nothing but *choice*. And, by the way, (what has escaped us before, Euphranor,) Aristotle, or his translator, seems to identify it with Bacon's *policy*. 'Concerned with expediency,' he defines it. Jeremy Bentham, after all!"

"Aristotle had rather a leaning that way," Euphranor said—"so unlike his glorious master."

"Well," I said, "I, for one, do not pretend to decide among such great authorities, all calling names. I stick
(23) | to the common phraseology of the country, and when I want to name the supreme faculty of human judgment,

whensoever and howsoever begun and completed, give the idol its old name REASON, and so leave it on its shrine. As for that Intuitive moral-material of it which you say is in us from birth, I should think your friend Plato would agree it should have full room to develope in—that the instrument, as you call it, should be well seasoned and strung before played on by that same sceptical agent you told us of, the dialectic Understanding."

"Only to be touched by so delicate a finger as his own Socrates," answered Euphranor, smiling.

"And even he was accused of doing it unskilfully, was he not? of turning the harmonious instincts of Youth into discord, and making sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"A great calumny," Euphranor declared.

"Well," said I, "at any rate he might think it dangerous for Youth to tune and question its own Intuitions by its own immature Understanding, which, whether the completion of Reason or not, is, I verily believe, the last growth of the brain, and really scarce mature till middle life. Still less would he let this precious Intuition be tampered with by the finger of worldly, and parliamentary, policy."

Euphranor laughed and nodded, and said that "Lamb's friend was really gathering a cloud of witnesses about him."

"And as to those *affections*," said I, "of which Aristotle's inventory is made up, and which are defined at large in it, Plato may say what he likes, but he would have been especially sorry if his sons, servants, or dogs,

(24) | could have been argued out of them, even by his own Dialogues."

"And why?" Euphranor asked.

"Because," I answered, "he probably wanted them to follow and *do* what he thought good for them, whether they understood it dialectically or not, as you will agree with me we want our children to do, and as those children of old, the knights, did."

"And as Plato would have *done* himself," said Euphranor.

"Perhaps, having a good stock of these *affections* at the back of his dialectic. Else, you know my old quotation about 'the native hue of resolution,' &c.," said I, smiling. "And by some of the more irreverent writers on humanity, Reason is said to be the weakest governing part about us; a sign-post, somebody says, which points the way, but by no means urges us along it. Whereas these blind Affections actually push us along the road, being allied in growth and energy to our *animal* affections, which are said to be the strongest governing part about us."

"To which, however, you are not going to draw down Chivalry, I hope," said Euphranor.

"I can't do without some of them for our knights, however," said I. "You and Plato must consider together, if indeed some part of the dog's, horse's, and knight's *a*dialectic affections we spoke of does not in fact result from good *bodily* condition in dogs, horses, and knights; as, for instance, what we are always talking of as *animal*

spirits, animal courage, and so on—a kind of moral in which Youth proverbially surpasses Age, partly in virtue of its better animal condition."

He looked reproachfully.

"Why, you know," said I, laughing, "your starved (25) horse won't run, and your starved soldier—*will*."

"Chivalry an essence of beef-steaks!" ejaculated he.

"I hope you like it, Euphranor," said Lycion, from under his hat.

But I went on laughing—"No, no, not beef-steaks alone, else your alderman would be a Bayard—he must be well exercised as well as well fed; sent out hunting, for instance, or to cricket with those Eton lads, in order to convert the beef-steak and turtle into pure blood, muscle, sinew, and *pluck*."

Too much brute strength, however, Euphranor would have it, (on Plato's authority again, I believe, for Plato was his great oracle,) brutalized the mind. To which I could only answer, I was not (as far as I knew) for too much of any thing. However, he would admit that Telamon, and Idas, and Œnides, and those other youthful knights we had read of, wanted a good share of bodily strength to work that very heavy ship, the Argo; as did also king Arthur's knights for their fights with giants and dragons; and even those of our own time, "the modern gentlemen," if they were to lead hosts of blacksmiths, for instance, or any other more vigorous trade than a tailor's, to conquest. And I asked him whether, apart from any influence such exercises, or the animal condition

they helped to bring about, had upon the soul, Digby did not consider strength of body, and the accomplishments of riding, swimming, fighting with many weapons, and perhaps cricketing, as very necessary accomplishments for his young gentlemen of England?

Euphranor said, "No doubt;" and then, recurring to what I had before spoken of, remembered some observ-
(96) |ation of Sir Walter Scott, (another hero of his,) that strong men are usually good-humoured, Scott himself, as Euphranor remarked, being so good an instance of it. And I added Bacon's testimony as to anger being chiefly observable in weakness, old age, childhood, and sickness. "So that, on the whole," said I, tapping on the top of Lycion's hat, "what with the keeping out of knavery till one knows how to join in it properly; and avoiding bad air in more senses than one; and cultivating Good Affections, and Good Health, and perhaps (Euphranor says) Good Humour, and perhaps also some other Good things we cannot now think of, Lamb's friend might have been right after all in lamenting the departure of the Eton lads from the fields of their Youth for a premature Manhood in St. Stephen's; though as to deciding which is fairest, a good Youth or a good Manhood, Euphranor, that may be like deciding which is handsomest, the blossom or the flower."

Whether Lycion would have deigned to reply I know not; but at this very moment his friend put his head out of the billiard-room window, and called out to him that the coast was clear; on which Lycion, getting up, and carelessly nodding to us, went into the house.

"The other day," said Euphranor, when he was gone, "Skythrops was in my rooms, and opened Digby's book at the very passage we have been reading—he read it—with what relish you may imagine."

"What did he say of it?"

"O you can fancy—that Youth, so far from 'drawing clouds of glory from God who is its home,' draws clouds of sulphur from—*his* home. He ran over Aristotle's inventory, as you call it; the old talk, he said, of Honour, Glory, and so on—Pagan virtues—very well for a Pa-
|gan to record and a Papist to quote; but he wondered I (87)
could keep such a book in my rooms. And he especially commented on the ὕβρις, which, as you observed, waits on the very virtues Aristotle records."

"Well," said I, "dead wood doubtless makes best posts, and that is what Skythrops wants. The living tree will sprout out in a manner incomprehensible to such naturalists. *He* would nip the flower of Youth as if it were flower of brimstone:—then Lycion would stifle it in St. Stephen's:—and how many force it to blow before its time, and so ruin it!"

"In the present rage for *intellect*," said Euphranor.

"Yes," I replied, "intellect, not for its own sake only, but for advancement in the peaceful professions, now so thronged since war has been quiet. Jack and Tom, you know, must not only shine at the literary tea-table, they must get fellowships, livings, silk gowns at the bar, —they cannot be crammed too fast,—and to this end the order of Nature is reversed, to get early at faculties which come last in the order of growth; the Understanding set

to work almost before it is born, the Affections neglected or misdirected, the whole Body, without whose soundness the Soul it incloses cannot, *I* say, be sound, neglected in its hour of growth, or torn to pieces by premature energies within. But Nature has her revenge. We think the world is growing wiser; it may in the end; but, as some one said, we are now rearing a generation of fools."

After a little pause, during which we both applied to our glasses, Euphranor said—"Doctor, you may be right in the main, but I do not like your subjecting the Soul to the carcass as you do."

I laughed, and said, "We doctors were of old in-
(28) famous for such doctrines—we spoke up for our craft, and would not let Plato and the soul-doctors carry off all the fees. We only wanted to divide the spoil, just as man was divided into body and spirit, and were quite ready to grant that mind acted on carcass as much as carcass on mind. You remember," said I, "Sterne's metaphor of Jerkin and Jerkin's lining,—'rumple one and you rumple the other.' "

"O base metaphor!" cried Euphranor, "just like Sterne, whom I wonder you do not hate as I do,—Soul and Body all of one texture!"

"No, no," said I laughing; "Jerkin, you know, is generally lined with other material than himself, often finer —silk, for instance."

"Often with coarser too," replied Euphranor, "with diaper, or serge, as I believe Sterne's own jerkin was, for his body was a very delicate one, and his soul one of the

grossest upon earth. No, no, if you must have a metaphor, have one at least where soul and body are more essentially distinguished."

"What say you then," said I, "to the old and favourite one of the Body being a house, and the Soul its tenant—'the body's guest'—will that do for you?"

He nodded: and I said that if one were inclined to argue, one might say that the tenant, whether prince or peasant, must be affected according as his lodging is wholesome or not; would catch all manner of rheumatisms and colds and fevers, if it were dilapidated, dirty, and damp. But more especially so, if he were not only a tenant, but a prisoner, unable to get out, as was the case with the soul in this life; unless indeed, as some thought, she got abroad through the keyhole at night,|when the body (29) was fast locked in sleep; making rather an odd use of her liberty in dreams—

But here Euphranor called out that the lodger I spoke of, whether peasant or prince, *was* in some sort of the very same matter as his lodgings;—a body built of clay in a clay-built house,—as bad a metaphor, after all, as Jerkin and lining. "Besides," he went on eagerly, "it is well known that persons enfeebled to the last degree by long illnesses, extreme old age, and on the very verge of death, shine brighter than ever in piety, wisdom, and love." And he went on to repeat;

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in more light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home."

"Halloo!" I called out, "got back to the clay cottage again!"

"Only to prove," said he, "how it may fall in pieces while its inmate thrives upon its decay and ruin. And what instances we have of the greatest minds dwelling in the craziest and puniest bodies."

"Great *parts* of minds," I answered, "as great Wit in Pope, for instance."

"Mens curva in corpore curvo," quoted Euphranor. "No, Wit itself is said to be a kind of dishonesty of thought, so let it e'en be a disease—of the body, if you like. But look at Pascal now—"

"Well," said I, "great mathematical and reasoning faculty. But these do not make up a MAN. A bon-mot, a poem, a problem, are no more specimens of the whole MAN, than that celebrated brick was of the whole house. What is your author in his Affections and Temper, as
(80) well as his Understanding? What as | relative, friend, neighbour, and so forth? the 'whole, sound, round-about' man, as Locke says."

"But Pascal was a notoriously religious and good man," argued Euphranor.

"Notoriously ascetic," said I, "that is to say, of a diseased religion. He would not let his family be too much about him lest their mutual love should deprive God of his due. I should instance Pascal's religion as looking much like the refraction from a sickly body."

Euphranor was again silent a little, and I said, smiling, "Like some objects that will force themselves on

one's eyes in a landscape for ever so far, this clay cottage will not be got out of sight. The poets are fond of it. It now occurs to me in that other relation with its tenant which we were speaking of—not where it affects, but is affected—by its lodger's incessant strugglings and batterings within. You remember Dryden's old lines about that soul,

> 'That o'er-inform'd its tenement of clay,
> Fretting the puny body to decay.'"

"Well," said Euphranor, "and the sooner the better; so she flies back to her proper element again."

"A great escape, doubtless," I said. "But yet it has pleased God to station her here on probation, to do some work for herself and others. And being certain of eternity—yes, and (as a good soul) of a happy eternity, she should be well content to be imprisoned for such a mere point of time as our threescore years and ten in this clumsy lantern of a body, the only means by which her rays can be so condensed as to lighten her more benighted mortal fellow-spirits. Else, the razor or the halter would furnish a speedy and satisfactory escape for her at any time."

"Well, perhaps so," said he. (31)

"And then, if the body does not die at once, but lingers in long pain," said I, "this divine Soul, though quite independent of the Body she lodges in, and unaffected by its pains, does (out of a divine pity) sympathize greatly with its distresses, and loses much of her precious time

in condolence, and contriving the means of alleviation: considering the merits of different doctors and medicines. Even in indigestions, which are said to be the plagues of thinking men, how much of her precious self she wastes daily, mourning over some little bit of cheese that will stick in the stomach of the most universal philanthropist!"

Euphranor laughed, and asked, "what could be done for her?" and I answered, that I supposed, according to that old prescription, (the curse of physicians,) that "prevention is better than cure," the best way was to build up for her, in the proper season, a tenement strong enough to resist the elements without, and her own batterings within; so that when she is called to her great vocations, she may go about them undisturbed by creaking doors and windows, falling timbers, and failing foundations, and by all the repairs they incessantly call for. "Besides," I added, "if for no particular *use*, surely one should in decency provide a handsome, spacious, and airy mansion for so divine a tenant?"

Euphranor, upon this, recalled to me what he called an old paradox of mine, (a corollary, however, from that I had just been maintaining,) that beauty of Body and of Mind went together, in spite of such instances as Socrates, whom I always managed to square into my theory to my
(32) own satisfaction; citing many notable in-|stances, and, besides that, the instinct there was in all civilized nations to represent their gods and heroes in the most perfect human shape; that even in our religion, in spite of the silence of evangelists, and even in defiance of a prophecy

that was supposed to apply to him, all the great painters had represented the Divine Author in a shape of godlike perfection, that we should not tolerate the contrary even were it possible, which I could scarcely believe.

"Come, doctor," said Euphranor, suddenly, "you, who find such fault with others' education, shall tell me how *you* would bring up a young knight, till you turned him out of your hands a Man."

"My dear fellow," I answered, "like other fault-finders, I have nothing better to propose. People know well enough how to manage these matters, if they will but use their common sense, and not be run away with by new fashions and mistaken interests. And what is become of Lexilogus?"

Euphranor thought there was nothing to be done but to wait for him; and I said, "Besides, you know, I am only a Body doctor, which, as we said, is only half the battle. And then, is your knight to be brought up to shoot partridges, and be *a gentleman*, or to carry his prowess out, as we were talking of, into some calling? Is he to be

'Soldier, sailor,
Tinker, tailor,
Gentleman, apothecary, plough-boy, thief,'

as boys count on their buttons."

"Nay," said he, "he must be fitted to lead in any calling of life. And as we have agreed that the spirit of Chivalry is only the spirit of Youth, all men, and all

(88) | trades, inherit it equally, and cannot, I suppose, afford to do without it—except, perhaps, the last."

"Nay," said I, "the proverb says, 'There is honour among thieves,' you know."

"At all events," said he, "if we decide the knight is now to become captain of tailors, we should also lift up the tailor half way to meet him. It would require, however, a complete recasting of society, to give all classes the advantages necessary for a complete development of our common nature—the tailor must have a turn at the bat and ball, while his young captain takes the shears for an hour or so. We must be content to pick up our hero in a rank of life where these advantages are at hand—an English country squire's, say."

"Well," said I, "such lads are in general very well cared for at home—well suckled, well fed, well clothed, admitted to the full privileges of the chase, protected by game-laws, and thriving so well in our larger and nobler schools, like Harrow and Eton, that I sometimes wish, with Lamb's friend, they were left longer there."

"Not forgetting my own dear old Westminster, if you please, doctor."

With which I had no quarrel, except its being in the bad air of London; and Euphranor told me I should send Sir Lancelot where I liked, in due time, but at present I must begin with him "ab ovo."

"Well," said I, "if I have any hand in the matter, it must certainly be 'ab ovo;' for it is part of my profession to herald Sir Lancelot into the world. But really, my

dear Euphranor, after that process, (which, perhaps, you would not care to hear about,) I must repeat, I have nothing new to tell you, except, perhaps, some medical recipes."

"Never mind," said he, "tell me the common-sense of (34) the matter—that will be new to me, anyhow. Come, let us suppose Sir Lancelot fairly launched into the world by your art."

"Here he is, then," said I, "a very queer-looking, squeaking lump of flesh as ever you saw, neither fitted for sword or toga. I protest, Euphranor, I think he must be given up to me and to the nurses only, to wash and do for. I think there is no use of any soul-doctor at all as yet—the creature appears to me all jerkin, and no lining."

"Ah, but the lining, as you call it, is there," said he, "the immortal soul."

"A little bit of a soul, then!" said I, "for her manifestations are scarcely so decided as a puppy's."

"No wonder," answered Euphranor; "how should she exert herself, the delicate Psyche, suddenly shut up in the foul grub again?"

"Cannot at all use her senses."

"It would be still more wonderful if she could," said he, "understand directly the use of the totally new set of fleshly tools she is doomed to work with for a time."

"Bravo," I exclaimed, "you have vindicated her handsomely. I only meant to say, that for some time Sir Lan-

celot is little else but a *body*, so far as *our* treatment of him goes—to be suckled, washed, and *done for*."

"Very well," said Euphranor.

"By degrees he begins, as you hinted, to use his senses —to discriminate sounds with his ears, objects and distances with eyes and hands, and so forth, much like other animals."

(85) "Well, go on."

"Well, then, will you say that those objects impressing themselves on the brain, memory wakes? 'The burnt child dreads the fire;' remembers faces, voices, and persons; likes some, dislikes others, *physically* at first, and then from *custom*, and from some glimmer of moral affection, perhaps; but still much as the beasts that perish."

"O, but *speech*," said Euphranor.

"Well," I answered, "even speech at first is but an organic imitation, like a parrot's. But I have no desire to keep Sir Lancelot down among the beasts; he soon lifts his head above them; his words become, to himself, the sign of things, of thoughts; he begins to *reflect*, to reflect on the past, and to guess at the future, from it; a short future indeed, as a short past, scarce extending beyond yesterday's and to-morrow's dinner. By and by, too, he begins to collect the scattered images of memory, and re-cast them in new shapes, which you call *fancy*, I believe. And by and by, too, he is drawn up from the visible love and authority of parents and nurses, to the idea of a Father unseen—the Father of his father, Father of all, Maker of all, who, though we do not see him,

sees us, and all we do, and even all we think; who has bid us obey, love, and honour our parents, tell the truth, keep our hands from picking and stealing, and who will one day reward or punish us according as we have done all this."

"Halloa, doctor," said Euphranor, smiling, "you have brought on your child at a fine rate, far faster than I should have dared; instilling religion when you were pretending to give him a dose."

"Not I," I answered, "nor Mr. or Miss Skythrops either. Mamma and nurse have done it, imperceptibly. (86) It is through the mother's eyes, Fellenberg finely said, that heaven first beams upon a child. But, as you say, 'ne sutor ultra.' I return to my soothing syrups."

But Euphranor declared that, having once begun, I must go on, carrying Sir Lancelot's mind along with his body; especially since I had given out that any mismanagement of the mind would injure the body I was employed to protect. So I agreed to look after our young knight so long as he was in the women's apartments, "which was, according to Xenophon, (was it not?) for the first seven years of life?"

Euphranor thought Xenophon reported that as the ancient Persian usage: "But," said I, "I cannot be bound to your Aristotelian and Baconian terms of *affections*, *reason*, and so on, which I perhaps do not understand in the sense they do, after all."

He told me to use what terms I liked. "Well then," I went on, "I will give the women one general rule; that

for those first seven years, Sir Lancelot shall only be put to do what he can do *easily*, without effort either of mind or body, whatever his faculties may be, or may be called. He shall only meddle with what Plato calls the *music of education*—does he—?"

"Part of it, at least, I dare say," Euphranor answered smiling. And I went on to say, that luckily for the first years of life, the bodily and mental music went together. Nurse finding nonsense songs the best accompaniment to dandling Sir Lancelot in her arms, or rocking him to sleep in the cradle: and that from the lyrical fragment of "Little Bo-peep," the progress was easy to the more dramatic and intellectual Death of Cock Robin; and after
(87) that, to stories in numerous|verse and prose about certain good dogs and cats, and little boys and girls, and even little hymns by sweet Jane Taylor and Watts, about the star, and the daisy, and Him who made them; all which, beside exercising speech and memory, sometimes under cover of fable, sometimes in pure plain-spoken affection, dispose the mind toward the Good, the Beautiful, and the Holy. "Then you know," said I, "there are pictures—'that is the horse'—'that is the cat'—which easily lead to 'A was an Apple'—the alphabet itself—Newton's true Principia, after all, as Vincent Bourne said."

"Well, then, there he is instituted in letters," said Euphranor. "But what have you been doing for his bodily exercises all the while?"

"Ah, there I am more in my element," I returned, "and mamma and nurse want quite as much looking after in

this as in the other matter. They are too apt in the pride of their hearts to make Sir Lancelot walk before he can stand, and when he *can* use his legs, will not give him verge enough to ply them in."

"What is to be done for him?"

"O, after the due dandling and rocking of first infancy, give him a clear stage to roll in: he will find his own legs when they are strong enough to bear him. Then let him romp as much as he likes; and roar too—a great part of children's fun, and of great service to the lungs. And that (beside the fresh air) is so great an advantage in sending children to play out of doors, they don't disturb the serious and nervous elders of the house, who ruin the health and spirits of thousands, by, 'Be quiet, child—Don't make such a noise, child,' et cætera."

"Ah, I remember," said Euphranor, "how you used to (88)
play at hide-and-seek with us in the shrubbery, rather exciting us to rebellion, when my aunt ran out to warn us in, or reduce us to order."

"Or for fear your dresses should be dirtied," rejoined I, "for that is one of the fetters laid upon children's wholesome growth. They must early learn to look *respectable:* as also shouting is vulgar, you know. Then what screaming from the window if a little dew lay on the grass, or a summer cloud overcame the sky."

"I suppose you would have shoes with holes in them on purpose to let in water, as Locke does," said Euphranor, laughing.

"I wouldn't keep a child from exercise in the dirt be-

cause he has no whole shoes at home, at all events," answered I.

"He catches cold."

"I dose him instantly and effectually."

"But he dies."

"Then, as a sensible woman said, 'he is provided for.' Your own Plato, I think, says it is best the sickly and delicate should die off early at once."

"Rather a pagan doctrine, if he does," replied Euphranor. "However, we will suppose Sir Lancelot survives,—what else?"

"Where did we leave him?" said I,—"O yes,—I remember—in the mud—where, by the bye, (much better than if shut up in a school-room or parlour,) he makes acquaintance with external nature, sun, moon, stars, trees, flowers, stones, so wholesome in themselves, and the rudiments of so many *ologies* for hereafter."

(89) "Not forgetting animals," said Euphranor.

"By no means," said I, "and especially the horse and the dog, whose virtues we said he would do well to share."

"Horses and dogs, in the women's apartments!" said Euphranor, laughing. "O yes," I said, "his acquaintance with the dog begins in the cradle; and the horse, who, as we said, has given his very name to the spirit of Youth, Devotion, and Courage we began talking about—Sir Lancelot cannot too soon make his acquaintance—to pat him—to feed him—to be set upon his back, either in the stable, or during exercise up and down the avenue."

"And it is wonderful," Euphranor observed, "what forbearance the nobler animals show for children; how great dogs suffer themselves to be pulled about for hours by them: and horses will carry boys with a kind of proud docility, who would kick and plunge under a grown-up rider. Perhaps they like children's soft voices and light weights; for which very reason, I have heard, they are more manageable by women."

"Yes," said I, "and have they not also a sense of humour that is amused at being bestrid by urchins; ay, and real generosity too, that will not take advantage of weakness."

After a little pause, Euphranor said, "When you lay it down that children are scarcely to be compelled against the grain for their first seven years, I suppose you make some reservation as to *moral* restraint—the repression of passion, for instance."

"Not only that," answered I, "he must also learn to submit himself to order—to *some* daily in-door restraint —silence—and task-work—all when he would be | out of (40) doors romping: only let there be but *a little* of such compulsion day by day."

"And if he be refractory, even against this gentle discipline?"

"Then, if the withdrawal of confidence and love, and appealing to his faculty of shame and remorse, are not enough, a taste of the rod, the compendious symbol of might and right. Only, I am quite sure, as a general rule, it is better to lean to the extreme of indulgence than

of severity: you at least get at *truth,* if ugly truth, by letting a child display his character without fear; and faults that determine outwardly, are far more likely to evaporate than when repressed to rankle within. Any how, the ugliest truth is better than the handsomest falsehood."

To this Euphranor willingly assented; and after a time said, "Well, we have now got Sir Lancelot pretty fairly through his first septenniad."

"And what sort of chap do you find him?" said I.

"Nay, he is your child," answered Euphranor.

"The very reason," said I, "why I should be glad of a neighbour's candid opinion about him. However, I am not his father, but only his doctor; and, moreover, I will not say what he *is,* but only that I shall be content if he be a jolly little fellow, with rosy cheeks, and a clear eye, with just a little mischief in it at times: passionate, perhaps, and (even with his sisters) apt to try right by might; but generous, easily pacified, easily repentant, and ready to confess his faults; rather rebellious against women's domination, and against all the wraps and gruels they force upon him; but fond of mother, and of good old nurse; glad to begin and end each day with a prayer and
(41) a little hymn at their knees.| Decidedly fonder of play than of books; rather too fond, it is supposed, of the stable, and of Will and Tom there; but submitting, after a little contest, to learn a little day by day from books which lead his mind toward hope, affection, generosity, and piety."

"So much for Sir Lancelot's first septenniad," said Euphranor. "And now for his second."

"That is your affair then," said I, taking the last draught from my tumbler. "I only engaged to see him through the first."

"Then," replied Euphranor, laughing, "I must give him up to Skythrops, who is now coming down the avenue."

"In a white neck-cloth, and with a face of determined asperity! Yes, he has often condoled with me before on Sir Lancelot's backwardness and depravity, and now his hour is come."

"Hark, he knocks at the door," said Euphranor. "Will you give your boy up to him?"

"No, I will oppose my portly person in the doorway; thin as he is, he slips no further,—he cannot melt me with his vinegar. I stand firm while he proposes his plans;—twelve hours a day in-door work at Grammar, Latin, Greek, Modern Languages, Euclid, Geography, et cætera; and two hours recreation and exercise, videlicet, a walk with Skythrops himself."

"But you don't keep him standing in the passage all this time, doctor?"

"Well, that would not be polite,—I take him into the library, and as soon as possible propose lunch, of which Skythrops very largely partakes; and carrying him abroad to see an improvement in the lawn, escort him safely along the avenue, out of the gates."

"His scheme does not suit you?" said Euphranor.

"And if it did," I answered, "*he* would not suit me. There is magnetism in these things. Boys cannot learn of one who has nothing of the boy in him."

"Ah! I remember," said Euphranor, "how good Dr. Arnold insists on that;" and he quoted Arnold's beautiful image of the difference between drinking from a living spring and a stagnant pond. "And, no doubt," he continued, "Skythrops' division of play and work pleases you as little as he himself does?—his twelve hours work to two of recreation."

I answered, "it only wanted reversing."

Euphranor looked incredulous; and I told him of a table I had lately seen made by a German physiologist, who, proposing to begin education at seven years old (and not a whit earlier) with but *one* hour's in-door study, keeps adding on an hour every year, so as, by fourteen years old, the boy studies eight hours out of the twenty-four.

"Distinctions of age," Euphranor remarked, "which, ever so good, could not be made in schools."

"They *were* made, however, in one school," I replied—"Fellenberg's—the best school, on the whole, that I have read of."

"Ah, he agreed with you, I think," said Euphranor, "how much may be taught out of doors, and by wholesome experiment, in fresh air and exercise. Certainly, a child may learn to love and obey parents, pastors, and masters, as well in-doors as out; nay, better, while owing to them the freedom and happiness he enjoys."

"And God too," said I, "while enjoying his fields, streams, and breezes, quite as much as when listening|to (43) Skythrops concerning the origin of evil, in a stived-up room. For Skythrops hates fresh air and open windows, I am sure."

Euphranor laughed. "And then," said I, "does not your Plato tell us, that drills, marches, and other rhythmical out-of-door exercises, beside the good they do the body, unconsciously instil a sense of order and harmonious obedience into the soul?"

"And now too," Euphranor went on, "we may suppose Sir Lancelot's acquaintance with nature, having begun in love will go on to knowledge, in the way of some of those *ologies* you talked about."

"Not forgetting that most necessary geology, agriculture," said I, "eldest, healthiest, and most necessary of sciences; so loved and practised by the Roman gentlemen in the most heroic days of Rome."

"And which Aristotle says rears up the best peasantry," said Euphranor, "'βελτιστος δημος ὁ γεωργιχος,' he says; whom, by the way, I suppose you would certainly have your English gentleman well acquainted with, especially if he be a land-owner."

"Ah! to be sure," said I, "we might have remembered before to bring him well acquainted with the poor,—a lesson which children cannot learn too soon, which they will always learn gladly when taught, not by dry discourse, but by living experiment; especially in the sweet fields, and clean country cottages."

Here, however, Euphranor broke in, declaring how often he had heard me declaim against Skythropical tutors, who would not leave their victims alone even during their scanty play-hours, but must pursue them with exhortations still, and soil even the fair page of nature with their running commentaries.

(44) To which I answered, there was discretion in this as in other things: that no doubt children ought to have much time given up to the most unreasonable sport—to the most total rest of mind; that the real fault of the Skythropical sect was not so much combining instruction with recreation, but *unfit* instruction, which negatived all recreation,—dry theory, whether of science or morals. Any how, I would much rather carry the experiments of the fields into the school-room, than the theories of the school-room into the fields.

"We are agreed however to have *some* books, and *some* in-door study," said Euphranor smiling; "what shall they be?"

"O," said I, "the records of good and great men, following properly on those of great dogs and good horses we spoke of before; not theories of heroic virtue, but living examples of it, as found in our own histories, in translations from others, then in Cornelius Nepos, Livy, Cæsar, and so on to old Homer himself. For where is the school-boy who does not side with Hector or Achilles, Greek or Trojan? Then there is Virgil, with his seedy Æneas, but lovely vernal Georgics, welcome whether in school-room or field; and Ovid's stories of wonder."

"Which Plato says is the father of Philosophy," said Euphranor, "to which I suppose you will lead up Sir Lancelot in good time, though scarcely perhaps in his second septenniad. But, doctor, we have unawares got him into Latin and Greek, a thing only to be done by very hard work in Grammar, in itself about as difficult a theory as may be. I am sure I now wonder at the jargon I had to learn and repeat when I was a boy,|and only now in (45) happy hour light upon the *reason* of the rules I repeated mechanically."

"True," said I, "but you were only expected, I hope, to *use* them mechanically; ascertaining the different parts of speech, and then how a verb governs an accusative, and an adjective agrees with a noun; to all which relations you are guided by certain terminations of *us*, *a*, *um*, and *do*, *das*, *dat*, and so on; till you are able to put the scattered words together, and so ford through a sentence. And the repetition by heart of those rules fixed them in your mind, and was a proper exercise for your memory."

"We must not forget arithmetic also," said Euphranor, "where, by the bye, the rules are also used mechanically at the time, to be understood, perhaps, afterwards, just as those of grammar. Well, so much for Sir Lancelot's studies in his second septenniad; and now for his bodily exercises; I suppose they advance proportionably in labour and energy."

"No doubt," said I, "the horse he was taken to look at, feed, and be held on, he now bestrides—a pony at all events—trots, gallops, gets a peep at the hounds throw-

ing off; in due time a run with them, fleshes his maiden courage at a leap, rises up Antæus-like from a tumble."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "we poorer fellows are cut out of this."

"Well, there are the ditches and rivers for you to fall into, and be drowned in, whether in leaping, skating, swimming, or boating; nay, in this dear old England of ours, the sea itself ready to embrace and strangle the whole youth of Britain in her arms."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "there again, if mamma was frightened at her boy dabbling in the dew, without his
(46) |hát too, what will she say now he is brought home half drowned in a ditch, or his arm broken by a fall from his pony?"

"I must console her as before," said I—

> "'If he fall in, good night!
> Send Danger from the east unto the west,
> So Honour cross it from the north to south.'

It is better to die well ever so young than to grow up a valetudinary and poltroon. He can only grow strong in body and soul by such exercises as carry danger along with them; and strong in body and soul our knight must be, must he not?"

"Nay, but," said Euphranor, "*I* have not yet agreed that his soul can only grow strong by being in a strong body; and mamma will not agree that the body can only be made strong by dangerous exercises."

"All strong exercise is more or less dangerous," I

replied; "in digging, rowing, running, we may sprain, strain, and rupture, if we do not break limbs. There is no end to finding out dangers if you look for them. Men have died of grape-stones sticking in the throat—are we never to eat grapes again, or are they to be carefully picked of their stones first? And as for Courage, which is the strength of soul I speak of, some men are born with it under a lucky star, and, the phrenologists say, under a good constellation of bumps. But even then it will require *exercise* to keep it in repair. But if men have it not naturally, how is it to be acquired except in the demand for it; that is to say, in danger? and to be laid in in youth, while the mind is growing and capable of nerving, so as to become a *habit* of the soul, and to act with the force and readiness of instinct?"

"Mamma will say it is to be found in good books, good (47) principles, religion, and so on," said Euphranor.

"And there may be found the long-concocted resolution, that, after all the struggles of natural fear, may nerve a man to be a martyr at last. But while it succeeds in one, it fails in a thousand. For here comes the ancient difference between *resolving* and *doing;* which latter is what we want. Nay, you know, the habit of resolving without acting (as we do necessarily in facing dangers and trials in books and in the closet) is worse for us than never resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually snaps the natural connexion between thought and deed."

"Ah," saith Euphranor, "you stole that from the Newman I lent you, doctor; how true and good it is!"

"Very true and very good," answered I, "and I dare say I stole it from him; though I had long before been familiar with an ancient proverb, (as old as the Fathers for any thing I know,) as to what Thought did as he lay in bed."

"What in fact some folks of weak nerves are said to do before a battle," said Euphranor, with a burst of laughter.

"Just that. And then if this closet courage could certainly brace us up to any long-foreseen emergency, would it help us at any sudden pinch of accident of which life is full, and for which our knight must assuredly be prepared. I mean, when there is no time to *make up our minds*, but the mind must act at once, ready made."

"What is called *presence of mind*," said Euphranor.

"A very wonderful thing," said I; "as, for instance, what a sudden resolution the mind is put upon in hunt-
(48) |ing, by which men, if their horses fall with them in all the violence and excitement of full cry, know how *to fall well* —to launch themselves out of their horse's way, for instance, which I remember even dear old Parson Adams knew how to do in the good old days."

"I have often thought," said Euphranor, "what a wonderful act of the soul it is in cricket, where the batter has to make up his mind what to do with the ball, whether to hit, tip, or block, all in the twinkling of an eye between the ball's being delivered from the bowler's hand and its arrival at his own wicket. How much is to be 'willed, done, and performed' in that moment of time!"

"Yes," said I, "and the boxer, whose mind is to decide, and his fists to follow his mind so instantaneously, as to put in a blow upon his adversary at the very moment of guarding one off from him."

"But," said Euphranor, "mamma will perhaps protest that presence of mind may be learned in the harmless emergencies of battledore and shuttlecock."

"But not presence of mind *in danger*," said I, "which we are talking of, and which we must therefore include in the exercises fitted to meet it."

"But then," Euphranor went on, "will experience of one emergency avail us in another? For instance, will the power of falling well with our horse, help us to put a blow into our adversary's rib?"

"It will so far help us, that the mind, having learnt to abide unshaken in one trial, will be more likely to abide unshaken in another, and bring all the knowledge and art she has to bear upon it. It is like mathematics, you know. Euclid will not help you to the solution of a logical argument, but Euclid disposes you|to a logical disposition of (49) all argument. However, Sir Lancelot, we have agreed, is to be practised in many resources,—swimming, sailing, rowing, boxing, fencing, riding,—time out of mind the indispensable accomplishments of a gentleman, and from whose equal proportionable development of all the parts of the body, a gentleman is known by his carriage, whatever effect they may have on his soul."

Euphranor nodded, but said that, after all, there was less need for such preparation now in these days of peace

and safe contrivance. Men were not called on to fight, it seemed; hunting was certainly not a duty *per se;* and all life was made a first-class carriage of well-padded security.

But I asked if he had forgotten his own assertion, that war was not dead, but only sleeping; and Sir Walter's assertion, that the strong were good-humoured; and a yet older assertion, that only the brave could be truly merciful; so that even if courage were not wanted for war, was it not wanted for peace?—life itself, the smoothest life, being all a battle, made up of perpetual little conflicts, harder to bear, many thought, than a few hard raps of fate; which if a man (naturally deficient in women's passive courage of non-resistance) did not meet with active courage, he was sure to fail under, and make himself and all about him miserable. "Depend upon it," I said, "your carpet knight will fight his battles *on* the carpet—over the tea-table—with wife, children, servants. Besides," I went on laughing, "accidents will happen in the best regulated families. The house will take fire, the coach will break down, the boat will upset; is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others; no one who can
(50) do|more to save the maid or the child snoring in the garret, heedless of the flames, than merely to repeat, 'How *very* awful!' Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; can no gentleman put a saddle on the horse, much less get a collar over his head, or adjust the crupper without such awkwardness, as brings on his abdomen the kick he fears, and spoils him for the journey?"

Euphranor laughed at this picture of impotence, and I said, " 'I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this nettle *danger*, we pluck this flower *safety*.' Why the most timid valetudinarian is ordered by his doctor a gentle ride; the quietest pony is bought; but only he trots safely who has galloped hard: no one is so sure to come down in the road as your heavy sack of a sitter, with no seat in his saddle, nor hand on his bridle; and no one so sure to break his nose when he does come down. Besides," I continued, "what after all is the amount of danger in all the hunting, wrestling, boating, &c., that a boy goes through? Half a dozen boys are drowned, half a dozen shot instead of rabbits by their friends, half a dozen get broken arms or collar-bones by falls from ponies, in the course of the year; and for this little toll paid to death, how large a proportion of the gentry of this country are brought up manfully fitted for peace or war! If I have to do with Sir Lancelot he shall take his chance, either to grow up a man fit to live, or to die honourably in striving towards it. And so I leave him at the end of his second septenniad."

"Close upon the age of those young Argonauts," said Euphranor, "upon whose lips the down yet was not. Really closely upon the threshold of Chivalry."

"Yes," said I, "push him on three or four years, and (51) you may dub him a knight according to ancient practice, I believe."

"Fitted in body and mind to his calling?"

"Well, Euphranor," said I, "I cannot tell: my mind

misgives me when I am about to send my pupil into the lists, whether Nature originally endowed him well enough, and whether I have helped to make the best of Nature's bounty. I doubt my ideas of knighthood may fall very far short of Digby's; short of what they ought to be, perhaps."

"Well, what sort of a fellow do you turn out, at any rate?" said Euphranor.

"I doubt I shall be content with him," said I, "if (at sixteen say) he shows me outwardly, as before, a glowing cheek, an open brow, copious locks, a clear eye, and looks me full in face withal; his body a little uncouth and angular perhaps, as compared to his earlier self, because now striking out into manly proportion, not yet filled up; flesh giving way to fibre and muscle; the blood running warm and quick through his veins, and easily discovering itself in his cheeks and forehead, at the mention of what is noble or shameful; his voice, 'sweet and tuneable,' as Margaret of Newcastle notices of her brothers,—she does not mean, she says, (nor do I,) an emasculate treble, but no 'husking or wharling in the throat,'—that is her word, —a clear, open, bell-like voice, telling of a roomy chest, and in some measure, I think, of a candid soul. However that may be," continued I, seeing Euphranor shake his head at me with a smile, "candid of soul I hope he is; for I have always sought his confidence, and never used it against himself; never arraigned him severely for the
(52) smaller outbreaks of youthful spirit;|never exacted sympathy where it was not in the nature of Youth to sympa-

thize. He is still passionate perhaps, as in his first septenniad, but easily reconciled; subdued easily by affection and the appeal to old and kindly remembrance, but stubborn against force; generous, forgiving: still liking to ride rather than to read, and perhaps to settle a difference by the fist than by the tongue; but submitting to those who do not task him above Nature's due: apt to sleep under the sermon, but not ceasing to repeat morning and evening the prayers he learned at his mother's knee: ambitious of honour, perhaps, but of honour in action rather than in talk: somewhat awkwardly disposed to dancing, and the accomplishments of the drawing-room, which even now he shirks in order to go earth-stopping with Tom and Jack, who used to set him on Topsail's back in days gone by. In short, I shall be content to find him with all the faults of a vigorous constitution of soul and body, which time and good counsel may direct into a channel of action that will find room for all, and turn all to good. One must begin life with all the strength of life, subject to all danger of its abuse: strength itself, even of evil, is a kind of virtue; whereas weakness is the one radical and incurable evil, growing worse instead of better with every year of life."

"And this is your education," said Euphranor, "for all boys indiscriminately, without regard to any particular genius they may show."

"But without injury to it, I hope," said I; "for instance, should it lie toward any of those *ologies* which we thought Sir Lancelot's free intercourse with Nature espe-

cially opened to him, or even toward looking into Plato
(53) and Digby for qualities he already unconsciously | possesses. But," I continued, seeing no sign of self-consciousness in Euphranor's own earnest face, "if Sir Lancelot not only *has* a Genius, (as I suppose all men have some,) but *is* a Genius,—big with Epic, Lyrical, or Parliamentary inspiration,—I do not meddle with him—he will take his own course in spite of me. What I have to turn out is, not a Genius, but a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, qualified at least for the common professions, or trades, if you like it. Or if he have means and inclination to live independently on his estate, may, *in spite* of his genius, turn into a very good husband, father, neighbour, and magistrate. No mean vocation, in my opinion, who really believe that healthy, courageous good humour, and activity of soul, do radiate a more happy atmosphere throughout a little circle, and, through that, imperceptibly, to the whole world, than cart-loads of poems, sermons, and essays, by dyspeptic divines, authors, and universal philanthropists, whose fine feelings and bad stomachs generally make them tyrants in their own families, and whose books go to draw others into a like unhappy condition with themselves."

Euphranor mused a little within himself, and then observed, that all I had been saying applied to private education only, in a young man's home; or, at most, where only a few pupils were to be attended to. In a great school, boys must be lumped together in a rougher way.

"That lumping together had, however, its advantages,"

I said, "which compensated for the absence of others. Boys got knocked out of family delusions, and got to know themselves, by comparing themselves with others. Only let the schools be large and liberal enough—Eton, Harrow, Westminster, and some others."

"But what becomes of your horses?" said Euphranor; (54) "Eton and Harrow could not supply them to their pupils."

"Fellenberg," I replied, "had a riding-school as part of his much poorer German institution."

"But our great schools," argued Euphranor, "do not make it part of their system to provide for the bodily instruction of their youth; it is supposed lads will find out their own play and exercise, and devote themselves too much to it without further assistance."

"That seems to me a mistake, however," said I, "in these days, when, beside the school duties, now so increased in quantity and quality, and the prospective claims of the peaceful professions, young people have so many sedentary accomplishments courting their own or their parents' fancy. If my theory of Body and Mind (which is every body's who chooses to think) is right, the one ought to be trained as much as the other. The Greeks, you know, made gymnastics a necessary part of their education. So do the German schools; that at Hofwyl, for instance, from which our greatest and noblest foundations might take many good hints, if they were not too proud to do so. At all events, our smaller schools might greatly profit by imitation. If they could not com-

pass the riding-school, there was at least the swimming bath, which Fellenberg found one of the best remedies for an indolent habit of body and mind—gardens to work in—not only the hours of exertion, whether bodily or mental, proportioned to the ages of the pupils, but even the hours of sleep—no lesson lasting longer than an hour at a time—and wholesome changes of subject, master, and school-rooms, to refresh the boy's mind. Fellenberg's
(55) first principle | seems a truism till people come to act upon it—that a child should never be employed in any exercise, physical, moral, or intellectual, beyond his powers."

"Ah, that is very good," said Euphranor. "And have not these Swiss and German schools military exercises also?"

"Yes," said I, "which you see is another advantage that a school may possess over home education. Milton expressly recommends military exercises, drills, and watches; good in peace as well as in war, I say; teaching order, submission, and endurance."

"Arnold," said Euphranor, "was all either for home education, or one of our large schools. He hated the little ones."

"Yet," said I, "the largest and best of them have other faults; as, for instance, exacting so huge a proficiency in Latin and Greek verse; a fault imputable, I am told, to these universities, which require a great amount of that rather useless accomplishment. They also do too little in the way of training boys to sympathy with the lower

classes; not by moral essays, but by living contact with the poor; where Fellenberg again had the advantage, having a large school of agriculture and trade for the poorer boys joined to that of the rich, so that all classes should in some way mingle beneficially with each other."

"Where, as I was saying before," said Euphranor, "the young tailor might have a turn at the bat, and the young lord at the plough, now and then."

"And all the better, if the young lord were put to earn his bread there for a week or so every now and then," said I, "affording him light as to the condition of the poor, 'unquenchable by logic and statistics,' Carlyle says, 'when he comes, as Duke of Logwood, to legislate (56) for them in parliament.' "

"To hear you talk, doctor, any one would suppose you would send your son to Germany for his schooling; but I know your old dogmas about an Englishman being brought up in England, imbibing English air and English associations into his very nature from the first."

"Yes," said I, "I am for growing up by the Thames under Windsor Castle, rather than by the Rhine under Heidelberg."

"Not forgetting glorious Westminster Abbey!" cried he with exultation.

"No," said I, "we must not go abroad for Fellenberg, but bring a slip of him hither if we can. And yet even this I say with some hesitation, and not without awe of the old Genius of these noble schools. But as to the

smaller ones, my dear Euphranor, you cannot imagine the pusillanimous, sordid, soul-and-body-stunting method of some of these, which, if English good sense did not explode just before it was too late, (as English good sense has somehow a knack of doing,) would ruin the middle-class Chivalry of England altogether. Nor are the poor masters only to blame—they are often one-sided, pedantic men, ignorant of the constitution of man; the boys' parents are quite as ignorant and mercenary as the master—they must have their full pennyworth. Then, you know, there are your Religious Establishments, where the *intellectual and moral culture* of the boys is incessantly attended to—not a moment spared for mischief; and then 'such care taken of their healths!' Ten hours a day hard study of the hardest stuff, most indigestible by
(57) the young—moral|essays; sermons; the little play-time cut up into little intercalary snips of time, not allowing of any generous and invigorating game, even if the few square yards of gravel, or the strict edict against all amusements that threaten the boys' limbs, or the master's window-panes, ever so remotely, should allow it. No cricket, no foot-ball—perhaps a little gymnastic gallows, where boys may climb, and turn over, and swing like monkeys, in perfect safety; no rowing, no sailing, no stolen ride on horseback or on the coach-box; no running and leaping over hedge and ditch, animated by the pursuit of some infuriated game-keeper; but a walk, two and two, in clean dresses, along the high road, dogged by the sallow usher—"

"Of course no fighting," said Euphranor, "and, I suppose, no flogging neither."

"And yet," said I, "the clenched fist so soon resolved into the open hand, when once the question of might and right was settled—how much better than the perpetual canker of a grudge never suffered to explode!—and the good flogging had its humour—soon passed away, shame and smart, from fore and aft—much better than the heart-pining, body-contracting confinements and impositions which double the already overloaded task-work, and revenge a temporary fault with lasting injury."

"You get quite excited about it, doctor," said Euphranor. "But it is enough to make one angry, if it be as you say."

"O, it succeeds well," I continued; "the boy who came to school with but *some* troublesome activity about him is soon tamed down, grows pale, cheerless, spiritless, hopeless, and *very good*—a credit to the school—|likely to be (58) a blessing to his parents. It is only one of Nature's 'best earthly mould,' with the spirit of her chivalry strong in his blood, who kicks over the traces, throws the whole 'very eligible establishment' into disorder, and rouses the whole dastard soul of Skythrops into a meagre attitude of expulsion, however unwilling he may be to part with any victim who pays. But 'he must go—nothing can be done with him—' He goes: he is sent to sea—rolls and tosses over the world,—comes back a good-humoured, active, lively, sun-burnt fellow, with tobacco and cheroots for his old Dad; some silks for mother and sisters; a par-

rot for old aunt Deborah; a bamboo, which he says he would give old Skythrops but for fear he should lick the boys with it. So he travels, and returns, and travels again: has at last scraped a little money together; marries a good-humoured girl who has even less world's wealth than himself; nay, I believe he had married her long before he was even as rich as he is;—has a large family of children healthy as himself—the more the merrier, he says; and so whistles through and over the ups and downs of life."

"And the *good* boy," said Euphranor, "what becomes of him?"

"I have no heart to follow him," said I. "Poor fellow! the last I heard of him was, that after a most unimpeachable progress through school and college, getting all the prizes, he was going off to some new German baths covered with boils and blotches; or, at the Old Bailey, laying his hand on that part of his coat under which the heart is supposed to beat, and calling God to witness the innocence of a murderer who had already confessed his crime to him."

(59) "Do you remember," said Euphranor, "that fine passage in the Clouds of Aristophanes—whom in general I do not love, by the bye—where the δικαιος and αδικος λογος each solicit the young man who stands hesitating between them?"

I had forgotten, I said, my little Latin and less Greek; and Euphranor told me, I must positively read this play again—it was quite in my way—"it is, you see," he said,

"Old Athens, who reared the Μαραθωνομαχοι ανδρες against Young Athens, who forsakes the simple rhythmical exercises of his ancestors for intricate and enervating measures—leaves the Gymnasium for the Law Courts and the Sophists. Young Athens pleads for his system, and then the old one replies, ending with those delicious lines, musical as the whisper of the trees they tell of:

'Αλλ' οὖν λιπάρος γε καὶ εὐανθὴς—"

"Come, my good fellow," said I, "you must interpret." And Euphranor, with a little sly smile, and looking down, recited—

"O listen to me, and so shall you be stout-hearted and fresh as a daisy:
Not ready to chatter on every matter, nor bent over books till you're hazy:
No splitter of straws, no dab at the laws, making black seem white so cunning;
But wandering down outside the town, and over the green meadow running,
Ride, wrestle, and play with your fellows so gay, like so many birds of a feather,
All breathing of youth, good humour, and truth, in the time of the jolly spring weather,
In the jolly spring time, when the poplar and lime dishevel their tresses together."

"Well, but go on," said I, when he stopped, "I am sure (60) there is something more of it, now you recall the passage to me—about broad shoulders and little—"

"O," said he, "only the outward signs of inward strength. I remember no more of it."

I then asked him who translated the passage, suspecting it was himself; to which he replied, it was more a paraphrase than a translation, and I might criticise it as I liked. To which I said I had not much to object—perhaps the trees "dishevelling their tresses" was a little Cockney, which he agreed it was—far inferior to the *psithurizing* together of the original. And then I observed to him how the degradation Aristophanes saw in the Athenian youth went on and on, so that, when Rome aided Greece against Philip of Macedon, Livy says the Athenians could only contribute to the common cause declamations and despatches—"quibus solum volent," he says; a sentence I could never forget.

"Ay," said Euphranor, "and to think that when Livy wrote so of Athens, his own Rome was just beginning to go down-hill in the same way and for the same causes:

> Nescit equo rudis
> Hærere ingenuus puer,
> Venarique timet, ludere doctior
> Græco seu jubeas trocho,
> Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ:

how unlike those early times, when the heroic father begot and bred an heroic son: generation following generation through ages of national glory, crowned with laurel and with oak; reared by a system of education, the same Livy (61) says, handed down, as it were an art,|from the very

foundation of Rome, and filling her senate with generals, equal, he says, to Alexander."

"But come, my dear fellow," said I, jumping up, "here have I been discoursing away like a little Socrates, while the day is passing over our heads. We have forgotten poor Lexilogus, who (I should not wonder) may have stolen away to Cambridge. Let us go after him directly."

Euphranor, who seemed yet desirous to converse, nevertheless rose up. On looking at my watch I saw we could not take any thing like the walk we proposed and be at home by college dinner; so I said that as it was I who had wasted the day, I would stand the expense of mutton chops and ale at the inn: after which we could all return at our ease to Cambridge in the evening. As we were leaving the bowling-green, I called up to Lycion, who thereupon appeared at the billiard-room window with his coat off, and a rather gorgeous waistcoat revealed, and asked him if he had nearly finished his game? In reply, he asked us if we had finished our ogres and giants? On which I told him, laughing, "pretty nearly;"—that we were going into the fields for a walk—would he come with us? or, if he meant to go on playing billiards, would he dine with us on our return? "He could not walk with us, certainly," he said—"was engaged to play some games more." And when I spoke of dinner again, seemed rather to hesitate about it; but at last said, "Very well;" and, nodding to us, retired with his cue and waistcoat back into the room.

Then Euphranor and I, leaving the necessary orders within, sallied out toward the church, observing, as we went, how much pains Lycion took to spoil the good
(62) |within him. For, at Harrow, he was (as Euphranor understood) a good-humoured, lively, and rather gallant boy. But dining with ambassadors and at clubs, and going to Almack's, was spoiling him. And Euphranor spoke of the affectation of indifference and apathy, now so fashionable,—so contrary to the spirit of youth,—especially ungraceful, he thought, (and so did I,) in women. In all of which we judged, both of us, rather from what we heard, and read, and saw of fine people in their carriages, than from any actual knowledge; for neither of us were much in great company. And he observed, I remember, that even if there were no other ill effects of London dissipation on women, yet the simply being present in so many crowds was a sort of prostitution, especially of the eye; and noticed the hackneyed look which even young and handsome women soon acquired. We were talking thus, when, on coming close to Chesterton church, we saw Lexilogus passing through a turnstile on his way toward us. In half a minute we had met; and he had explained to us why he was so late: he had been delayed by one of aunt Martha's fits of asthma; and he did not like to leave the house till the fit was over. She had now fallen into a gentle sleep.

After expressing our sympathy, we turned back again; and I told Lexilogus how, after all, Euphranor and I

had played no billiards, but had been arguing all the time about Digby and his books.

Lexilogus smiled, but made no remark, being naturally slow of speech, and perhaps of thought also. But the day was delightful, and we walked along the road briskly, conversing on many topics, till, a little further on, we got into the fields. These were now in|their prime; thick (63) with grass, crowded with daisies and buttercups; and, as we went along, Euphranor quoted Chaucer's lines:

"Embroidered was he as it were a mede,
All full of fresh flowris both white and rede."

and instantly added, "what a lovely picture that was of a young knight!"

I agreed, and asked Lexilogus if he knew it; but he had never read Chaucer; so I begged Euphranor to repeat it to us; which he did, with an occasional pause in his memory, and jog from mine.

"With him there was his Sonn, a yongé Squire,
A Lover, and a lusty Bachelire,
With lockis curle, as they were leid in press;
Of twenty yere of age he was, I ghesse;
Of his stature he was of evin length,
Wonderly deliver, and of grete Strength;
And he had ben sometime in Chevauchie
In Flandris, in Artois, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as of so litil space,
In hope to standin in his Lady's grace.
Embroidered was he as it were a mede,

All full of fresh flowris both white and rede;
Singing he was or floyting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May:
Short was his goun with slevis long and wide,
Well couth he set an hors, and fair yride;
And songis he couth make, and wel endyte,
Just, and eke daunce, and well portraye and write.
So hote he lovid that by nighter tale
He slept no more than doth the Nightingale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And karft before his Fadir at the table."

"Chaucer, however," said Euphranor when he had fin-
(64) ished the passage, "allows his young squire more|accom-plishments than you would trust him with, doctor. See, he dances, draws, and even writes songs—quite a *petit-maitre*."

"But also," I added, "is of 'grete strength,' 'fair yrides,' and had already 'born him well in Chivauchie.' Besides," continued I, (who had not yet recovered, I suppose, from my former sententiousness,) "in those days, you know, there was scarce any reading, which usurps so much of knighthood now. Men left that to the clergy; contented, as we before agreed, to follow their bidding to pilgrimages and holy wars. Some gentler accomplishments were needed then to soften manners, just as we want rougher ones to fortify ours."

"One may see this exemplified," said Euphranor, "among us now. Music, you will say, only helps to *Mollyfy* the rich,—pardon the vile pun,—but all the

education people say it is of excellent use among the poor."

"And who was it," said I, "who, when some one grumbled at a barrel-organ in the street, said prettily, that one should tolerate, and even respect, the instrument that carried Orpheus down into dark alleys and cellars. It has struck me strangely to hear in one of our Yorkshire scars a delicate air of Mozart all of a sudden."

Euphranor then observed, that in the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, the lute and viol were common accomplishments of young gentlemen: so, to be sure, were all martial exercises.

"And more than exercises," added I; "young fellows going to serve as soldiers abroad as part of their education, if there were no wars in hand at home. Sir Philip Sidney might well be allowed a little sonneteering; and one would not quarrel with a midshipman practising his flute in the cock-pit now."

"Even Pepys, tailor as he was," Euphranor said, "takes (65)
horse and rides to Huntingdon from London and back without comment."

"And without a sore bottom, I dare say," rejoined I. "People could only travel so in those days; and could hardly help being hardily brought up in all respects. There is a delightful little horseback tour in Derbyshire, made and recorded by a son of Sir Thomas Browne's,—he, and one friend, I think; with all their wet jackets, tumbles, benightings, and weariness, so well compensated by the welcome inn at last, with its jovial host. Trav-

elling has lost its proper relish for the young now,—there is no fun, no adventure, no endurance. And look at dear old Chaucer himself," said I, "how the fresh air of the Kent hills, over which he rode four hundred years ago, breathes in his verses still. They have a perfume like fine old hay, that will not lose its sweetness, having been cut and carried so fresh. All his poetry bespeaks a man of sound mind and body."

"As he really was, I think," said Euphranor. "I remember Lydgate speaks highly of his good humour, candour, and liberality. I cannot now recollect the lines," he added, after pausing a little.[1]

"A famous man of business too," said I, "employed by
(66) princes at home and abroad. And ready to fight as | to write; having, he says, when some City people had accused him of untruth, 'prepared his body for Mars his doing, if any contraried his saws.' "

"A poet after your own heart, doctor," said Euphranor. "In general, however, the poets are said to be a sickly, irritable, inactive, and solitary race."

"The great ones?" I asked, "who, I think, are the only ones worth naming—Homer, Æschylus, Shakspeare, for instance?"

[1] The verses Euphranor could not remember are these:

> " For Chaucer that my master was, and knew
> What did belong to writing verse and prose,
> Ne'er stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view
> With scornful eyes the works and books of those
> That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt
> At any man, to fear him or to daunt.'

"We don't know much of them—of the two first, at all events," said he.

I asked if Homer did not go about camp and court singing his verses? To which Euphranor answered, that the stories of his beggar-hood were quite exploded, by those omniscient critics the Germans, whom he knew how much I reverenced; and I said, "About as much a beggar, I suppose, as his own divine Demodocus at Alcinous' palace, or as the bards were to Irish and Scotch chieftains. Then as to Æschylus, pray is his service at Salamis only a *myth*, as you call it?"

Euphranor laughed, and believed we must admit this to be authentic, so clearly as the trumpet that woke the Greeks to battle on that morning still rung in his verse. I then asked about Shakspeare's poaching, which Euphranor said he was sure I should vindicate, however exploded by German and English critics too.

"Well," said I, "whether Shakspeare was a poacher or not, (and I firmly believe he *was*, in the days of his knighthood,) he, at least, was no dyspeptic solitary, but, like Chaucer, a good man of business, managing a theatre so unlike modern managers, who are not great poets, that he made a sufficient fortune by it; which, when he got, desiring no more, he retired from London|and all (67) his glory, to dear old Stratford, the town of his birth—the fields of his knighthood and poaching—and there spent the rest of his life, an active burgess of the town, esteemed by all the neighbouring gentry, Aubrey tells us, for his pleasant conversation."

"He does not, however," said Euphranor, "quite bear out your old theory. His very sound mind appears to have dwelt in rather a heavy body, judging by the figure on his tomb. And he died young."

"The monument, which is a very clumsy one, however, only indicates that he grew plump at last," said I; "but the only probable pictures of him exhibit great beauty of face, and every appearance of its growing on a well-proportioned and well-developed body. Perhaps he drank a little too much sack latterly at the country dinner tables of the Cloptons and Lucys; for no doubt he took his glass with the rest."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "Ward's Journal says he died of a kind of fever, I think, resulting from a carousal with Ben Jonson, who came to see him from London."

"Very likely," said I; "he would, no doubt, pledge Ben stoutly, having no idea that his life was necessary to the world. And, after all, fifty-two (the age he died at) was not so young in those days when people drank sack and ale for breakfast, and were much less careful of their healths."

"And had, perhaps, not such good doctors as we have now," added Euphranor, slyly. "Well, who does not wish that *his* clay cottage had been built up so strong, or patched up so well, that he might have dictated from it some more imperial manifestos to posterity! However,
(68) doctor, if you have saved your theory one|way with him, (and I am not quite sure you have,) what will you say to two poets, whom I know you admit to be of the high-

est, and who, as far as we know, had well-conditioned bodies in active times, when you declare that men must have been hardily brought up, and yet were both, I believe, morose kind of men, Dante and Milton."

I said, supposing the fact were as he stated, both these men lived in bad times for the temper: civil war; neighbour set against neighbour, and, even after the dispute is settled, victor and vanquished settling down cheek by jowl. No wonder if Dante hated, and damned, those who had banished him—in verse, at least. I had not heard he was morose out of his poetry. As to Milton, when he had worn out his eyes "in Liberty's defence," and when the Restoration made that defence treason, he was obliged to live in seclusion, besides being compelled by poverty. Certainly, if his own word were to be believed, he never bated a jot of heart or hope to the last: and, in my turn, I asked Euphranor from what *myths* he drew his conclusion about the temper of these two men?

Euphranor did not like the acerbity of Milton's prose tracts, and fancied he was an awkward husband.

"Ah, Lexilogus," said I, "you know Euphranor cannot forgive the Republicans, and their treatment of those martyrs, Charles and Laud. Were, however, Shakspeare ever so fat, and Milton and Dante ever so surly, I should not abandon my theory. For who doubts that men, however nobly constituted in body and mind, may ruin both by misuse; as Burns his by intemperance of all kinds, and Walter Scott by striving too hard to redeem his own and his friend's fortune? The|poetic spirit in itself is a fiery (69)

one, apt to fret its body to decay, made up of some dangerous elements, which, as you say, and as Wordsworth has hinted, may lead to melancholy and madness, unless aired by perpetual contact with reality, action, and wholesome communion with men."

"I suppose," said Euphranor, "if you found a young Apollo, you would knock him about in his education like the rest of us coarser vessels."

"To be sure I would, and rather more, perhaps."

"And so break half the tribe in course of moulding."

"And live the better with the other half," I replied. "Yes, certainly, I would pass the young aspirants through such a fire of action as should do these two good things—only the true poetic stuff should abide the trial, and that should come all the purer and stronger from it. I would immediately set young Edwin on a rough colt, and pit your Cockneys and Lakers at a wrestling match, and see if some external bruises would not draw off some of that inner sensibility which is the main stock of most so-called poets."

"And which *is* a vital part of the poetic nature," said Euphranor. "Some one says the poet has more of the woman than the man in him."

"If that were true," answered I, "it would be a final argument for smothering the whole tribe as early as possible, small and great, if they are not only to be women themselves, but to make us so by their incantations. But I don't believe a syllable of this: I believe the poetic sensibility to be wholly different from that of women, result-

ing not from tenderness of nerves, but susceptibility of imagination, or some vital difference, which I, who am neither poet nor metaphysician, can-|not understand. I (70) only believe the sensibility of Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Scott must have been totally different from that of Laura Matilda, Shenstone, or those Minor Poets, whom I would very readily resign into the rank of female authors."

Euphranor said, I was always too tyrannical about what are called the Minor Poets; that there was a hand fitted for every thing under the Sun; that if Homer sung of the Atreidæ and Cadmus, we also wanted smaller men to sing of smaller matters, which common men can sympathize in.

"What, *Love*, for instance?" I asked—"which Anacreon could only sing of, he says?"

"Well, *Love*, if you please," replied Euphranor, "though not precisely Anacreon's."

"Thomas Little's, then? which nearly all common men sympathize in?"

He shook his head, and quoted Petrarch; to whose Sonnets I opposed some of Dante's on the same subject, but far grander; and then passing to other affections, which Minor Poets take a right to celebrate, asked which of them had equalled the parting of Hector and Andromache; or that close of evening that drew the pilgrim home, and marked by the bell that seems to mourn the dying day—the pictures and associations of Nature in the Allegro and Penseroso—such pastoral lyrics as "Un-

der the Greenwood Tree," the very careless notes of the blackbird, it seemed to me—or the whole familiar tenderness of this very Shakspeare and Chaucer of ours? It was only these great poets, I contended, who did indeed respond to the common sympathies of men, but in a way that ennobled them.

"And then," said I, laughing, "consider how a strong
(71) |active body, capable of endurance and exposure, enables your Poet to be with Nature in all her humours, and to penetrate all her mysteries—of calm, of storm, land and sea, day and night, mountain or forest. Your Cockney can only get up Hampstead Hill with some labour, with an umbrella, cork soles, and a cold muffin in his pocket, having promised Miss Briggs by the sacred Moon to be at home in Bidborough Street before the dews fall. And even if the daisies and butter-cups there were, at this time of day, sufficient object for poetic meditation, yet cannot he make even *his* best of them: for has he not gone out *prepared* to be poetical? Whereas Poetry is said to be an Instinct—an Inspiration—or, in other words, a Madness, (as the Platonic Ion argues,) that will not come at call, like a Laureate's Odes, but must leap out of its own accord at the unpremeditated contact with Nature, (or, at least, the recollection of such a contact,) which alone dashes Reality into his words. Just as in those physical emergencies we were speaking of, which called out the Moral Instinct of Courage. In this way one fancies language itself began; so Adam named all things as each presented itself to him, appealing to the divine organ of

speech within him. Let any scholar sit down in his study and try to invent *words* now; whereas one *does* see something of the faculty among more illiterate people—Sportsmen for instance—and the Brethren of the Ring—where a new sudden occasion calls out a suitable word somehow from the unconscious Poet of the field—the very name 'slang,' we give all such vocabulary, being itself an instance of such felicitous invention, and doubtless owing its rise to some such occasion."

Euphranor then read to us as we walked a delightful (72) passage from his Godefridus, to the effect that, if the Poet could not invent, neither could his reader understand him, when he told of Ulysses and Diomed listening to the crane clanging in the marsh by night, without having *experienced* something of the kind. And so we went on, partly in jest, partly in earnest, drawing Philosophers of all kinds into the same net in which we had entangled the Poet and his Critic—how the best Histories had been written by those who had been busy actors in them—how the moralist who worked alone and dyspeptic in his closet was most apt to mismeasure Humanity, and be very angry when his system would not fit; and so on a great deal more, till I, suddenly observing how the sun had declined from his meridian, looked at my watch, and asked my companions if they did not begin to feel hungry, as I did. They agreed with me; and we turned homeward: and as Lexilogus had hitherto borne so little part in the conversation, I began to question him about Herodotus and Strabo, (whose books I had seen lying

open upon his table,) and drew from him some information about the courses of the Nile and the Danube, and the Geography of the Old World: till, all of a sudden, our conversation stepped from Hymettus to the hills of Yorkshire—our own old hills—and the old friends and neighbours who dwelt among them. And as we were talking of old places, and old people, and old times, we suddenly heard the galloping of horses behind us, (for we were now in the main road,) and, looking back just as they were coming up, I saw Phidippus was one of the riders, with two others whom I did not know. I held up
(73) my hand, and called|out to him as he was passing; and Phidippus, drawing up his horse all snorting and agitated with her arrested course, came back to us and held out his hand.

I asked him what he was about, galloping along the road; I thought scientific men were more tender of their horses' legs and feet. But the roads, he said, were quite soft with late rains; and they were only trying each other's speed for a mile.

By this time his two companions had pulled up some way forward, and were calling to him to come on; but he said, laughing, "they had quite enough of it," and addressed himself to pacify Miss Middleton, as he called her, who still curvetted about, and pulled at her bridle: while his friends shouted out to him louder—"why the devil he didn't come on."

He waved his hand, and shouted to them in return not to wait for him; and with a "confound" and "deuce take"

the fellow, they set off helter-skelter toward the town. On which Miss Middleton began to caper afresh, plunging, and blowing out a peony-coloured nostril after her flying fellows, until, what with their dwindling in distance, and some expostulation addressed to her by her master as to a fractious child, she seemed to make up her mind to the indignity, and went pretty quietly beside us.

I then asked him if he did not remember Lexilogus, (Euphranor he had already recognized,) and Phidippus, who really had not hitherto seen who it was, (Lexilogus looking down all the while,) called out heartily to him, and, wheeling his mare suddenly behind us, took hold of his hand, and began to inquire about his family in Yorkshire.

"One would suppose," said I, "you two fellows had (74) not met for years."

"It was true," Phidippus said, "they did not meet so often as he really wished; but Lexilogus would not come to his rooms, and he did not like to disturb Lexilogus in his reading."

I then asked him about his own reading, which, though not large, was not neglected, it seemed; and he said he had meant to ask Euphranor or Lexilogus to beat something into his stupid head this summer in Yorkshire.

Lexilogus, I knew, meant to stop at Cambridge all the long vacation: but Euphranor said he should be at home, for any thing he then knew; and they could talk the matter over when the time came. We then again fell to talking of our county: and among other things I asked

Phidippus if his horse were Yorkshire,—a county of old famous for its breed,—and how long he had her, and so on?

Yorkshire she was, a present from his mother, "and a great pet," he said, bending down his head, which Miss Middleton answered by a dip of hers, and breaking into a little canter, which however was easily suppressed.

"Miss Middleton?" said I—"what, by Bay Middleton out of Coquette, by Tomboy out of High-Life Below-Stairs, et cætera, et cætera."

"Right," he answered laughing, "as far as Bay Middleton is concerned."

"But, Phidippus," said I, "she's as black as a coal!"

"And so was her dam, a Yorkshire mare," he answered;
(75) which, I said, saved the credit of all parties.| And then I began to ask him some questions as to his mode of making up his mind in some of those equestrian emergencies Euphranor and I had talked of: all which Phidippus thought was only my usual banter,—"he was no judge,—I must ask older hands,—he never made up his mind at all," and so on, till he declared he must be off directly to get marked in Hall. But I told him we were all going to dine at Chesterton, now close at hand; he must come too; all Yorkshiremen, except Lycion, whom he knew a little of. There was to be a boat race, however, in the evening, which Phidippus said he must leave us to attend, if he did dine with us; for though not one of the rowers on the occasion, (not being one of the best,) yet he must see

his boat (the Trinity) keep the head of the river. As to that, I said, we would all go to the boat race, which indeed Euphranor had proposed before; and so the whole thing was settled.

On reaching the inn, I begged Euphranor to order dinner directly, while I and Lexilogus accompanied Phidippus to the stable. There, after giving his mare in charge to the hostler with due directions as to her toilet and table, he took off her saddle and bridle himself, and adjusted the head-stall. Then pausing a moment on the threshold to ask me if she were not a beauty, (for he persisted always in the delusion that I knew more of horses than I chose to admit,) we left the stable and went into the house.

There, having first washed hands and faces, we went up into the billiard-room, where we found Euphranor and Lycion playing,—Lycion very lazily, like a man who had too much of it, but yet nothing better to do. After a short while, the girl came to tell us dinner was|ready; (76) and, after that little hesitation as to precedence which Englishmen rarely fail in even on the most off-hand occasions,—Lexilogus, in particular, pausing timidly at the door, and Phidippus pushing him gently and kindly before him,—we got down to the little parlour, very airy and pleasant, with its window opening on the bowling-green, and a table laid with a clean white cloth, and upon that a good dish of smoking beef-steaks, at which I, as host, sat down to officiate. For some time the clatter of

knife and fork, and the pouring out of ale, went on, mixed with some conversation among the young men about college matters: till Lycion began to tell us of a gay ball he had lately been at, and of the families who were there, among whom he mentioned three young ladies from a neighbouring county, by far the handsomest women present, he said.

"And very accomplished too, I am told," said Euphranor.

"O, as for that," replied Lycion, "they *valse* very well, which is enough for me,—I hate your accomplished women."

"Well, there," said Euphranor, "I suppose the doctor will agree with you,—won't you, doctor?"

I said, certainly *valsing* would be no great use to me personally.

"One knows so exactly," said Lycion, "what accomplishments the doctor would choose,—a woman

'Well versed in the arts
Of pies, puddings, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven,'

as one used to read in some book, I remember."

"And do not forget," said I, "being able to help in compounding a pill or a plaister, which I dare say your
(77) great-grandmother knew something about, Lycion, for in those days, you know, great ladies studied simples. Well, so I am fitted,—and Lycion wants a partner who can *valse* through life with him."

" 'And follow so the ever-rolling year
With profitable labour to their graves,' "

added Euphranor laughing.

"I don't want to marry her," said Lycion testily.

"Then Euphranor," said I, "looks out for a 'strong-minded' woman, who will read Plato's Republic with him, and Wordsworth, and Digby, and become a mother of Heroes. As to Phidippus, there is no doubt—Diana Vernon—"

But Phidippus disclaimed any sympathy with sporting ladies.

"Well, come," said I, passing round a bottle of sherry I had just called for, "every man to his taste, only all of you take care at least to secure the accomplishments of health and good-humour."

"Ah! there it is, out at last!" cried Euphranor, clapping his hands; "I knew the doctor would choose as Frederic did for his grenadiers."

"Well," said I, "you wouldn't choose an ill-made, ill-conditioned mare to breed from, would you, Phidippus?"

He smiled, and asked me if I remembered Miss Prince, a governess his mother had for his sisters, and who really worked them so hard he was obliged to appeal against her in their behalf.

I did not remember Miss Prince; but I asked what effect his appeal had on his mother.

"O, I was a school-boy then,—she patted my head, and said Miss Prince knew best; she had perfect confi- (78)

dence in her. And then, you know, if one of them did not get on with her music, there was no use suggesting she had perhaps no talent for it, and had better not learn it at all; the master's conclusion was, that she must practise double time at it."

"Yes, that is the way," I answered. "Well?"

Well, after a time, his mother herself, he said, took notice the girls began to look pale and dispirited. "Why, I assure you, doctor, Miss Prince would scarce let them run about alone, even in play-hours, but followed them with a book, so that if they plucked a daisy, they told me, out came a little Wordsworth from her reticule, to have something appropriate read. Not a moment, she said, was to be unimproved."

"Better for her if that Wordsworth had been tied about her neck, and she cast—Well," I went on, seeing Euphranor look grave, "I presume Miss Prince was not fitted to be the dam of heroes, or hunters."

"Poor thing," said Phidippus, "she was an excellent woman. I used to be vexed with myself for getting out of patience with her. She worked hard for her bread, and to do her duty, as she thought."

"And besides, your remonstrances had no effect," said I.

"I don't know," answered he, laughing; "though she accused me of making them romp, which I assure you I did not mean to do, they used to tell me I had more effect upon her than any one else, even my mother. I don't know how that was."

Poor governesses! so much to be pitied, and reverenced, as Phidippus said, but rarely, in these days, to be complied with. Early divorced from their own home and
|its affections, and crammed themselves in order to cram (79)
others, they are very ignorant of the nature of children. I was almost going to be didactic about it all, but thinking I had preached quite enough for that day, I only filled up my glass, passed the bottle round, told them to drink Miss Prince's health, and then, unless they would have more wine, we might go and have a game of bowls, which Euphranor would tell us was the noble custom of our forefathers after dinner.

Phidippus instantly jumped up. He was for no more wine, he said. Lycion said he should have liked another glass, if the sherry had been tolerable. Euphranor and Lexilogus, I knew, were no topers; so we sallied forth upon the bowling-green.

Lycion, as a matter of course, pulled out his cigar-case, and offered it to us, telling Phidippus he could recommend his cigars as some of Pontet's best; but Phidippus did not smoke, he said; which, together with his declining to bet on the boat race, caused Lycion, I thought, to look on him with some indulgence.

And now Jack was rolled upon the green; and I bowled after him first, pretty well; then Euphranor, still better; then Lycion, with great indifference, and indifferent success; then Phidippus, who about equalled me; and, last of all, Lexilogus, whom Phidippus had been instructing in the mystery of the bias with little side-rolls along the

turf, and who, he said, only wanted a little practice to play as well as the best of us.

Meanwhile, the shadows lengthened along the bowling-green, and, after several bouts of play, Phidippus said he must be off to see his friends start. I told him we should
(80) soon follow; and Euphranor begged him to|come to his rooms after the race, for some tea, but Phidippus was engaged to sup with his crew.

"Where you will all be drunk," said I.

"No, there," said he, "you are quite mistaken, doctor."

"Well, well," I said, "away, then, to your race, and your supper."

"'Μετα σωφρονος ἡλικιωτου,'" added Euphranor, smiling.

"'Μετα,' 'with,' or 'after,'" said Phidippus, putting on his gloves.

"Well, go on, sir," said I, "'Σωφρονος?'"

"A temperate—something or other—"

"'Ηλικιωτου?'"

"Supper?"—he hesitated, smiling—"'after a temperate supper?'"

"Go down, sir; go down this instant!" I roared out to him as he ran from the bowling-green. And in a few minutes we heard his horse's feet shuffling over the threshold of the stable, and directly afterwards breaking into a canter outside the gate.

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walked along the fields past the church, crossed the boat-house ferry, and mingled with the crowd

upon the opposite bank. Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the laced Fellow-commoner sprinkled among them here and there—reading men and sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective crews—all these, conversing on all topics, from the slang in Bell's Life to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the banks, where, at the farthest visible bend of the river, was a little knot of|ladies gathered up on a green (81) knoll, faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was heard at length some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until "They are off—they are coming," suspended other conversation among ourselves: and suddenly the head of the first boat turned the corner, and then another close upon it, and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might, but in perfect rhythm and order; and the crowd upon the bank turning round to follow along with them, cheering, "Bravo, St. John's," "Go it, Trinity," and waving hats and caps—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back toward the boat-house; where we arrived just in time to see the ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the eagle of St. John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting awhile to hear how it was the winner had won, and the loser had lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his

defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus, one under each arm, (Lycion having strayed into better company elsewhere,) and walked home with them across the meadow that lies between the river and the town, whither the dusky troops of gownsmen were evaporating, while twilight gathered over all, and the nightingale began to be heard among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus.

THE END.

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